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I WAS A COUNTERSPY

Every enemy agent in Panama City was after my blood. I could have escaped, but I had a score to settle with "The Butcher".

FACT • By LARRY HENNESSEY

The man's face was thin and sharp, almost like a knife; the forehead was wide and the chin pointed, forming the face into a satanic "V". The eyes were a pale green, so pale as to be practically colourless. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind about me, to call back a fleeting memory that had escaped him.

His fingers, long and white, toyed with the butt of the German Luger lying on the teakwood table, and I sat there, watching him and holding my breath, knowing that if his brow clicked and that fleeting memory came back, I was as good as dead.

The date was May 14, 1941. I was in the library of one of those ancient mansions in the Old Town of Panama, which was hard against the sea wall, on Avenida B, in the shifting shadows of the cathedral. There are five old houses, with inner gardens and overhanging balconies, having a peace and serenity that belong to a world that has ceased to be.

A few die-hard families, the aristocracy, cling to some of these homes, but many have moved into modern and more luxurious mansions built around Balboa. The man sitting across from me was not of the Panamanian aristocracy, or the aristocracy of my country. He went by the name of Pierre LeBrec, and was the head of the third echelon of the Red espionage system, the hitlist men, sometimes called "The Murderer's Row".

My entrance into Panama City had been unheralded and unnoted. I arrived as a sailor on a leaky old tub of a freighter and proceeded to jump gaps. In my pocket was a card identifying me as Anton Chusky, a recent graduate of the MVD school in Moscow where they teach the chosen comrades the fine art of sub-stage.

Being somebody else was an old story to me. An Australian by birth, a graduate of Melbourne University, I had gone to sea after graduation. Adventure and excite-

ment seemed to be what I craved rather than the dead and quiet life of a lawyer or professional man. In 1938 I was in New York. The Nazis were infiltrating the waterfront with their key saboteurs. I met Commander Gulliverian of the U.S. Naval Intelligence, with offices at 5 Worth Street, and he asked me to do some undercover work.

Since then I had worked almost continuously for Naval Intelligence. After the war, the Reds took over where the Nazis left off; their way of operating is very similar to the Nazis.

I was an undercover man on the New York waterfront when the famous Red Agent "the Butcher", appeared there. I was also on the Pacific Coast and in Guatemala.

In 1947 things began to get touchy in the Canal Zone. Information had been received by Naval Intelligence that a new Red agent had been sent there to take charge. A new Soviet head agent always means a change in tactics, and it was necessary to find out the identity of this leader to evaluate what new turn the Red espionage might take.

I was called to New York City by Commander Gulliverian. "Hennessey," he said, "we have an assignment you will like. We believe your friend, the Butcher, has been sent to the Canal Zone. You're going down there to find out."

"Nothing would please me more," I told him, and I meant every word.

Naval Intelligence never does anything halfway. I was flown to Hawaii where my credentials as Anton Chusky were waiting for me. The real Anton Chusky, a Red agent, was at that moment safely imprisoned on a U.S. Navy ship where he would remain until my work was finished. I got a berth on the old freighter without much trouble.

Communist espionage is a numbers game.

(Continued on page 69)





Sweeney was too shy to notice girls — until he saw the exotic Liosa. When he put her on a pedestal, he paid through the nose.



Sweeney and the Arabian Dancing Girl

By THOMAS GALLAGHER

FACT ●

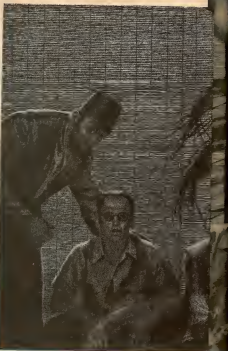
NOWADAYS, whenever I see a movie starring Dorothy Lamour, my mind always goes straight back to the Arabian dancing girls I knew in Iran. Those dancing girls were beautiful enough to tempt any man's desires. I'll never forget them, or the tragedy they inflicted on my fellow dock-walker from Brooklyn, Patrick Sweeney.

No Hollywood producer ever could duplicate the exotic quality of their life. Imagine, if you can, a setting of palms and date trees with two damsels Dorothy Lamours. At only 15 or 16, the figures of these Arabian beauties are already ripely beautiful. Their skin is the delicate colour of coffee mixed with cream. Behind their veils, you see dark eyes—lashes incredibly long. As they walk toward you with barefooted grace, you hear the tinkle of rapée—silver bracelets jingling on their handsome legs.

My adventures with these Arabian happy-time girls began in the winter of 1942. I was one of 90 young American conscription laborers contracted by the U.S. Army to build bridges and roads in Iran. Over Persian viaducts, Land Lease tanks, armor and machine guns would be transported some 300 miles away to our wartime ally, Russia.

In our path belabors and cotton shoots, hammering together dark teakwood logs from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night, we shivered under the relentless 100-degree heat. To escape the blistering noontime sun, we took a three-hour sojourn in our desert barracks. They were located at Khorramshahr, just across from the British oil headquarters at Abadan. Our rooms, slithering with lizards, were in a one-story mud-brick place called the Hotel Jolly. Naturally, we promptly nicknamed it the "Hotel Jolly".

One of the men in our construc-





teen gang was Patrick Sweeney, a short, prematurely balding fellow, with a shy, sensitive disposition. Sweeney was terribly naïve; he was the glibbie type who seem born to be the poor goat of every situation. All through the Middle East, they called him "Skeels Biddy".

Big-hearted Sweeney had a horror of the troubles of life. He feared his hotel room was a habitation of calumny, and nervously made a daily round of squinting every inch of the walls with D.E.T. Inevitably, the boys bored a hole in his floor, and scared him out of his wits by claiming a scorpion was hiding below. Sweeney was afraid when dozens of our native "beaches", whose lives were held dirt cheap at seven cents a day, died of disease. And when I almost had one of my legs sliced off in an accident on a gas driving rig, I'm sure it was Skeels Sweeney who suffered more pain than I did.

One day several of us decided to help Sweeney get his mind off the calumnies of existence. We invited him to go with us on a visit to the Arabian dancing girls in town. We'd suspected that Sweeney had never kissed a girl in his life. We were sure of it when he reddened and blushed.

"Okay, I'll come with you. But just to see what the place looks like."

Yet his curiosity mounted as we pushed our way past the rug peddlers at the bazaar and arrived at the establishment of Abraham.

Abraham was a bearded Persian, with a hooked nose, humorous, alive eyes, and a comical way of joking.

He squatted in a corner room of his mud-brick god apartment, just off the open-air bazaar.

"Crazy stuff," he granted as he led us on. "Some like to get drunk on vodka and splash in my fountain all night with half-dressed girls. Others? They merely want to watch a dance!"

Abraham wagged his ragged black beard to indicate we were to sit in the old fresco courtyard. Then he went to the small rooms jugged nearby where his two dozen dancing girls lived. Each cubicle contained a lamp, stuffed feather bed, and gaudily damaged costume cloth hanging the walls and windows.

The girls came out modestly. They were darkly splendid creatures, in plum-colored robes. They walked barefooted with catlike grace. Some wore jewelry dangling from plumed ears; others had their pectoral areas decorated.

They arranged themselves, as if in a choir, and began to sing a wailing chant. A few musicians joined in. A drum pounded in a fierce beat. A bizarre wire instrument clanged. The wood-winds assumed a high, sensuous rhythm.

Then a dancer, almost naked, leaped in front of the girls. She was breathtakingly beautiful. Her powdered body had the velvety mirror sheen of an orchid. Her coal-black hair was perfumed. Her sleek features might have been chiseled from yellow-brown marble.

"All the way from Abweg I brought that girl," Abraham leaned his skull cap forward to whisper in our ear. "Her name is Lasso. Charming, is she not, skeels?"

Sweeney nodded, entranced.

The dancer writhed and swirled and stammered. She wavered and swayed. Each movement was in time to the wildly effusive chorus. At last she stopped and knelt down, with her back facing us. Slowly she turned her head backward, until her mouth, laughing lips were a few inches away from Sweeney.

She hesitated there. Her black eyes flashed expectantly. Her shoulders quivered at the backtracking strain. Sweeney sat stunned, not knowing what was expected of us. Abraham bowed. "Dearest money in her open mouth, skeels! It is the Persian custom."

Numbly we each inhaled notes between her teeth. She righted herself. She bowed a cool, "Thank you, skeels!" Then she arrogantly pranced off, the rump-olive bells around her ankles tinkling daintily. It was as though Sweeney had insulted her performance by not paying her quickly enough.

WE kidded Sweeney about the way he seemed oddly taken by this primitive Arabian dancer. But even though we urged him many times, Sweeney refused to return with us to Abraham's.

Then one night a few weeks later we arranged to have the entire company of Arabian dancing girls attend a party in the restaurant of the Hotel Jolly. We bought a large supply of British gin and lime-scented soda from Abraham. And we put boring gloves on our Persian coats and blew him wads of them gamely, away in a sort of Middle East Golden Gloves tournament.

One hairy, six-foot-five mechanic, Jed Mordkin, had partnered with the Arabian dancer, Lasso. He came out of his room alone, and hollered to Sweeney.

"Listen, Sween. My girl is there. You're a nice guy. Go in there with her for a while. What do you say, pal?"

Sweeney's face crimsoned. He obviously wanted to reject the offer, but too many of us had heard the challenge. He nod quietly, "Thanks I will."

As soon as he closed the door, several of us rushed around to the alleyway to peek into the window. We were curious to know whether he'd really kiss her.

Sweeney was tense. He sat down beside her on the bed shyly. Then he tried to talk to her in what he thought was an acceptable pidgin English, as though she were Oriental.

"Mo, Amelleen," he announced, gesturing broadly. "Like you, Alah."

The girl was clearly worried. She shook her head. "No, skeels. He with other with."

In a quivering fury, Sweeney tried to put his arms around her. "Mo, Amelleen. Like you, Alah."

She flung him off in rejection and ran for the door. Sweeney snatched up a pocket knife and rushed after her.

"Come back, Lasso!" His voice was strangely hoarse and strained. "I want you for my girl!"

She escaped, peeping heavily, into the hotel restaurant.

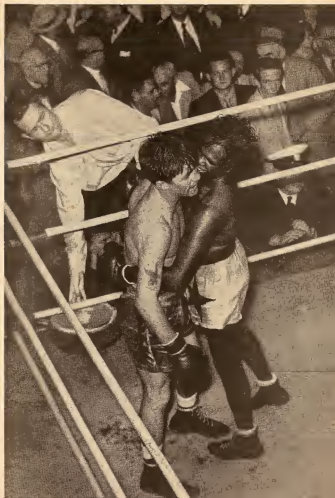
(Continued on page 88)



"Of course George discusses his finance with me, Mother. I never lend him more than \$2."



"Darling, I could swing like this by the hour."





No matter whether he was winning or losing; no matter what his opponents did, Elley Bennett smiled. And he was one of the most deadly punchers in the business.

THE CHAMP WITH THE SMILE

SYDNEY fight fans did not know what to expect on the night of May 22, 1948. All they knew was that the word minister one hundred-weight contender, light-colored Negro, Cecil Schoonmaker, was to fight the Australian champion, coal-black Elley Bennett.

It was a strange setup. Schoonmaker was making his debut in Australia. Bennett, although Australian champion, was virtually unknown in Sydney; fans had read only reports on both fighters. At the time Bennett would be one of the best known champions ever to appear in Sydney. Yet Sydney Stadium was packed with 14,000 fans.

That two unknown fighters, moreover as the fighting of them was concerned, should peak the Stadium, is amazing.

Maybe it was just the uneasy sixth sense of the fight fan—that sense which tells him, inexplicably, that there will be a sensation.

Elley made an impression on fight

Left: Elley Bennett smiles as he visits Ray Coleman to his corner after knocking him out. Top, left to right: Bennett crowds Schoonmaker on the ropes. Schoonmaker spears Bennett with a left, while Elley hooks to the body. A left apparent to Coleman's face by Bennett.

fans as soon as he appeared in the ring—even before he threw his first punch. Black as coal, he was clad in a white chambray dressing gown; he arrived in his corner and turned to the four sides of the ring, acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd with the most beaming smile seen since Rudolph Valentino flashed across the screen. That smile immediately won Elley Bennett to the hearts of the people. And, in the years to follow, that smile was a much-looked-for thing in the fight game. It literally lit up the Stadium back to the bleachers.

The few of us who had seen Elley in action, or who had known enough about him to realize that he was the hardest puncher of his weight in the world, got three to one about our champion that night. And those who heaped Schoonmaker thought it was like taking candy from kids, more so as the fight wore on. Because Cecil was real class; his boxing was superb; his speed was something at which to marvel. He made Bennett look a novice, as he snuffed him from pillar to post. By the end of the fifth round Cecil had enough points in his favour to outfit a partridge.

Yet through it all, Elley smiled. He grinned when he missed—which

he did often. He smiled whenever Schoonmaker made a brilliant move or hit Bennett with six or seven rapid punches. The crowd was spell-bound with the Negro's brilliance; it was filled with admiration for Bennett's smiling attitude. The fans were to learn much more of the Bennett attitude in the following years, they were to learn that Elley was one of the greatest sportmen ever to enter a sporting arena, they were to see Bennett smile in winning or losing; to see that smile in the toughest fights fought by boxers. And they were to see some of the most sensational one-punch knockouts ever performed.

Just like they did that night in May, 1948. In the sixth round Bennett moved out of a clinch with Schoonmaker and flew back in with a short right to the chin which was as fast and thrown from such a short distance that only one section of the Stadium caught more than a glimpse of it. Fortunately, I was in the section that saw the punch start and finish.

Schoonmaker went down like a polished ox. He stayed there, he was counted out. So unexpected was it that the crowd did not seem to realize what had happened until the count was completed. Then the fans



"Man, I thought you'd never make it!"

room as one man and wildly acclaimed a new hero.

While headquarters of the crowd did not see the final blow, neither did Schoonmaker. He saw only bleeding fists. He stated afterwards that he did not hear the count, only the tinkling of bells. Whether those bells were the ringing of the knocked-out bell, or bells in the head, Cecil did not know. But he did know that the defeat had dropped him in the world ratings, just as the win for Elley elevated the Australian champion into a commanding position in the same ratings. Nor did Cecil want to redeem himself at the expense of Bennett. Clearing a bad hand, he refused a return bout and went home.

If it had not been for the smart action of a white woman, Australia would never have seen Elley Bennett. For Mrs Bennett, the white woman, rescued Elley's father, when he was a baby, from certain death.

At that time, the Aborigines of Fraser Island had a ritual. If a girl died in giving birth to a baby, the baby was rolled in the mud until it sufficed.

Mrs Bennett, of Maryborough, Queensland, heard of the death of a girl and she immediately took a baby to Fraser Island and rescued the new-born baby as it was about to be rolled in the mud. She took the baby to her own home, adopted it legally, and christened it Roger Bennett.

Roger reached manhood and assumed Steve Jones as a pseudonym. He married an Aborigine girl, who had also been rescued by whites, and, on April 3, 1924 (According to record books, but earlier by two or three years, according to Elley Bennett when he retired from boxing) a son was born. The Bennetts christened him Elloit, which became shortened to Elley.

Elley was a rugged kid. By the

time he was fourteen he had worked at many jobs, timber cutting, saw cutting, working as a station hand and fishing. He liked boxing, his idol being Ron Richards, and he determined to follow in the great middleweight's footsteps. He, at 16, he got himself a fight. He was knocked out. He fought again, winning and drawing, but he suddenly found that boxing was hard work, so he quit.

Five years later Bennett gave it another go. He won a four-round preliminary by a knockout in the first round. The main event fight featured a lad from Snowy 1926's gymnasium in Brisbane. This lad, Stan McBride, was so impressed by Elley that he advised him to go to Brisbane. Elley took the advice.

Hill, a little fellow who was once beaten champion of Queensland, put the gloves on with Elley and found him very green. He also discovered that Elley could punch. Bennett dropped Hill with a right to the body and it took Snowy some time to pick his feet.

Bennett won his first few bouts by knockout, but he lost his first championship to a clever brackin boy, John Deane. The two met again in a fortnight, this time over eight rounds and the decision was a draw. A third match was arranged, this time over 10 rounds, and Bennett won on points.

Elley's next fight was a 12-rounder against Al Mann. Bennett won by a knockout in the tenth. All these contests had taken place in Brisbane, but Hill next took him to Melbourne for an eight-rounder. Bennett beat Frank Kering there in the fourth round.

Back home, Bennett disposed of Jim Boyle in the sixth round of a 12. Then, in Melbourne, he defeated Len Young in 7. Still, Sydney did not know of Bennett, nor the bare results of his fights. Even when Elley won the Queensland bantam title by K.O. over Stumpy Hulwell,

Sydney took no notice of the lad. Bennett continued on his winning way. He was an idol in Brisbane and everywhere up there saw him as a future champion. But George Kennedy stopped him in 18 rounds of a great fight. There was a reason for Elley's defeat. "A bloke bet me I couldn't eat six meat pies," says Elley. "That was on the afternoon of the fight. I won the bet."

How Elley managed to last so long on six meat pies is a mystery, particularly as he was not in the best condition for the fight, even without the pies. Elley never did like training, although he loved to get up there in the ring and fight.

Elley did not train for his next fight either. That was against Ray Coombes, one of the best boxer-highmen in the featherweight division. As a spectacle, it was heavy and the referee called it "a fight". Yet these two later fought three more at Sydney Stadium, two of them being the best two fights seen at the Ray during that year.

The following year, 1946, Bennett really hit the high spots of boxing. His first three fights of the year were in Melbourne. He knocked out Dave Robinson, then, outpointed Filippine, Little Paris, then won the Australian bantam title by knocking out Mickey Francis in three rounds.

In the Francis fight Bennett showed his great sportsmanship. He dropped Francis to the canvas twice in the second round, but stood back, allowing Francis to paw his way back from the selvages of obscurity, rather than commit further assault on a stricken and brave fighter.

In the third round, Bennett dropped Francis with a straight left, then, as he rose, dropped him again, this time with a left hook. The fight was over and Elley was champion.

After the fight, Bennett said: "I was lucky. Francis was a great champion, but when I met him, he was over the hill."

Brisbane went mad over its champion and they packed the northern stadium to see him fight. Little Paris in seven rounds. But Elley was outpointed for the second time by clever Dennis Grant, who became Australian featherweight champion.

World tested heavyweight, Enrie Fernandez, lasted 11 rounds in Melbourne, was four in Brisbane. Frenchman, Jean Jouan, went out in seven and Elley climbed into the world ratings overseas.

Then came the Schoonmaker fight and Elley was top news. Stadiums had negotiated with the world champion, Max Baer, to come to Australia, to defend his belt against Elley, but negotiations fell through.

Brisbane sportsman, McGee-Lowdown, offered him £2,000 to finance a trip to America for Snowy and himself, providing arrangements could be made before leaving Australia, for Baer to defend his title. But arrangements could not be made.

I do not think Bennett would have beaten the egg Cris, because two egg hitters in Ernesto Aguilar and Harold Dade, easily outpointed Elley at Sydney Stadium. Dade, one of

the cleverest boxer to show in Australia for years, won the title from Griffin, but lost it in a return. Dada, apart from being clever, was also prone to dirty tricks. He fooled Bennett with every trick he knew. There was no need for it, as he was clever enough to win without resorting to those moves. But not once did Elley lose his temper. Whenever Dada was warned by the referee, Bennett just smiled at his opponent and shook heads with him.

Bennett was as popular in Sydney as he was in Brisbane. He drew a packed house against Thomas Chen Siphon in his opening bout, for 1933. He packed them in in Brisbane against Bob Serrano, important because he did the same thing as has two fights with Negro, Van Kien, in Sydney and Brisbane, and he almost killed Melbourne Stadium against Siphon in a return. These fights followed in that order, and Bennett won the lot by knockout. One punch knocked out Chen in Sydney.

There have been many terrible punches in boxing history; many fighters who could put an opponent in their street with one punch; many champions have had phenomenal K.O. records. But the percentage of fighters who could knock out a man with one punch is, and was, very small. But Elley Bennett could knock them out with one punch. Nor did he rely on any particular blow to do it. I have seen him knock out opponents with right hook, left hook, right uppercut and left uppercut.

Greedily overweight and out of condition, Bennett knocked out lightweight, Mickey McDonald in two rounds in Brisbane. But, by this time, Elley was having trouble with the scales. He did not like training hard enough to make the featherweight limit, so he decided to go after the featherweight title. Bertie Grant had retired from the featherweight threat and Ray Coleman received some recognition as champion.

Coleman's recognition was not nation wide and Stadium Ltd. matched him with Bennett for the title of Sydney Stadium. The Stadium was packed that night and the fans saw a wonderful fight. Coleman held a handy police lead over Bennett the last of the scheduled 15 rounds, but he was not in the best of shape, having been knocked down and nursed by the bell at the end of the 14th round.

As the bell rang for the start of the last round, the two boxers ran out to shake hands. Bennett held his arms wide and, with a big smile, embraced Coleman. Then he proceeded to knock him out.

But Bennett was not dual champion for long. A month later he lost his hansom crown to Jimmy Carruthers, then having his ninth professional contest. Jimmy was brilliant that night, as always, and, of course, he went on to win the world title.

Bennett knew his title had gone long before the fight was over, yet, as the two met in ring centre to shake hands at the start of the last round, Elley embraced Jimmy and smiled as he always did.

Bennett lost a points decision to Coleman over 12 rounds, then lost another points decision, this time to Nobby Williams in Melbourne. Word got round that Bennett was finished. So Coleman was matched with Bennett again in a 15-round title fight. It was even better than their previous tale bout and the crowd went wild with excitement. This was the greatest fight of 1931.

Coleman established a big lead, and, coming into the 13th round, he had to be knocked out to lose. Fans called out for him to run away and he did, but Elley caught him. Seven or eight seconds before the fight was due to finish, Coleman was stopped. After the fight Coleman said:

"—Bennett. He can keep his title. I've had him."

Bennett was disappointed in his next fight. He allowed the tiny Mexican, Luis Castillo, who is the worst main-event fighter I have seen, to decide the fight and win on points.

Elley did not fight again for seven months and met Elley Williams in Brisbane. Bennett was not in condition and the referee stopped the fight in the ninth round because Bennett did not have a chance. Bennett was through as a fighter, so fans thought Williams demanded a title fight and he got it. That was in November, 1933, and it was the last fight of the year.

Coming into the last round of the fifteen-round title tilt, Williams held a lead on points. But Elley was not finished. No fight with Bennett was over until that final bell. He knocked out Williams in that last round and thus had the phenomenal record of winning his three featherweight title contests by knockout in the fifteenth round.

There is an explanation for Bennett's ability to win by a last round knockout. He fought at the one pace throughout a fight. Because he packed so much power in his punches, his opponents always fought or feared him in spurs. They would not stand and slug with him all the way. By fighting in bursts, they were using up their energy. By fighting at the one pace, Bennett did not tire. He was as fresh at the start of the last round

as he was at the start of the first. By the last round his opponents' hands were a little heavier, thus leaving the openings.

After outpointing Williams over 12 rounds, Bennett asked his title against Col Douglas, ignoring the claim of his number one contender, Trevor King. He smothered Douglas in the fourth round. Then he knocked out South African, Panama Flash, in seven rounds. But another Mexican, Babyface Gutierrez, outpointed him. Bennett could not handle a slower boxer who moved fast, weaved and twisted. He never seemed to realize that, had he thrown more punches to the body, he would have beaten them. The body cannot be moved like the head.

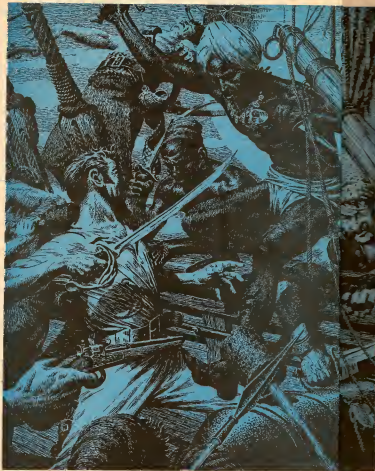
Two months later, a fat Elley Bennett outpointed lightweight Aussie Agostini, in a great fight in Brisbane. Then he met Trevor King at Sydney Stadium. He refused to stake his title against King and it is just as well for Elley, because King beat him pointwise. As it happened, it would have been better had Elley met King in a title fight, because Bennett fought only once more and Trevor missed his chance of becoming champion because he met with a car accident which put him right out of boxing.

The Bennett-King fight took place on December 31, 1934. Two months later Bennett knocked out Elley Williams in eight rounds in Brisbane. Bennett fought again. On August 31, 1934, Bennett relinquished his title and retired.

Australia will never forget Elley Bennett. Elley smiled and fought his way into the hearts of the people; he thrilled them with his fighting; he was them with his sportsmanship. Which he gave disappointing displays, which he did on occasions, but gave out with his smile and the crowds wanted to hug him again. We will always remember that smile; we will always remember his punching power; we will always remember his sportsmanship and his sense of humour — his humour always directed at himself. Take one time, when asked for his autograph. "I never carry a pen," said Elley. "If I want to get in touch with anybody, I send up smoke signals."



"Back from the party at noon, Gerald?"



THE INCREDIBLE CRUISE OF THE HAZARD



FACT •

By WILLIAM A. BREYFOYLE

Side by side, the bitter enemies slashed
away at the bloodthirsty pirates.

ON A bright November morning in 1812, the American brig Hazard was sailing before a leisurely west wind off the coast of Massachusetts. Many months had passed since she had weighed anchor from her home port of Salem.

Captain Prentice Hazard stood at the rail near the west of the ship, staring idly at the whitecaps churning in her wake. He felt lazily content. The sea was calm, the sky was blue as far as the eye could see, the barometer was steady. All signs pointed toward a smooth and speedy voyage home, and Hazard was in a nostalgic mood. It had been a long time since he had heard any news from home—almost a year.

Suddenly his meditations were interrupted by the alarmed shouting of crew members gathered about the brig's deck, performing their routine duties. He looked up in time to see a spout of water rising slowly about a hundred yards off the port bow. The waves caught at the shimmering column and beamed it across the glassy surface of the ocean in a spraying spray. A low, ominous rumble, like thunder in the distance, shocked the captain out of his reverie.

"Ship off to starboard! Firing the Union Jack!"

"She's British all right! What's she doing at it for?"

Surprise, confusion, fear and anger flared up in the excited voices of the Hazard's astonished crewmen.

Captain Hazard charged up to the bridge. For a moment, he was too surprised and astonished to speak. There was a British ship! About a mile off to starboard, beating down with all canvas flying. The shot across the bow had been a warning to stand by.

"What do they want?" The helmsman growled at his elbow.

"Looking for some Americans to press into their army, no doubt," Prentice replied bitterly.

"Are we going to run for it, sir?"
"No time. They'd blow us out of the water before we could run up enough lead." Captain Hazard's voice was stern. "Mr. Roberts," he called to his first officer, "give the order to Jert sail. Then have a boat over the side. I suppose you'll have to see what the Majesty's pleasure is."

Half an hour later Hazard stood on the deck of H.M.S. Worcester, listening patiently to a tirade by his commanding officer, Bartholomew Pritchard. Prentice Hazard told his tongue that because he was surprised or poked by the fiery British officer, but because it was his habit to do so when thinking. And the startling news Pritchard had just imparted to him gave him plenty of food for thought. President Madison had had his way. Congress had declared war on England on June 18, almost six months earlier.

Now Madison would not blow a wallflower left in Massachusetts. Prentice thought as he took his place in one of the boats that would put a prize crew aboard the Hazard.

As he sat in the stern of the small boat, bobbing gently with the motion of the waves, Hazard's brain was still somewhat crumpled by the suddenness of what had happened. The whole affair seemed surreal to him.

"Up now! Right away if you don't want to get the boat, dousing Prentice with spray. He observed as the boat glided into the cold shadow of the bow, suddenly shocked into awareness of the black figure looming ahead of him. He had lost his ship, his cargo and his liberty. The war might drag on for years while he and his crew languished in an English jail. Meanwhile, the cocky young lieutenant who sat beside



"Watch him when he runs out of words."

Once Septimus tripped over a bucket and sent it clattering into the scupper. Prentice froze and held his breath for a few moments, but the roar of the guns drowned out the noise.

There were murmurs of surprise and astonishment from the five Salem men when Prentice and Septimus dashed into the cockpit. Prentice briefly outlined his plan to them as he and Septimus wielded the cleavers. It took only a dozen blows with the heavy cleavers to sever the chains but Prentice winced with each blow. The ring of steel on iron seemed appallingly loud to his ears. He breathed a slight prayer of thanks when the last link snapped without incident.

The English had left a lamp burning in their cabin when they had hurried out for all hands. By its light, the Salem men dragged an iron chest from under the English boatwain's bunk, unlocked it in the lid and served out pistols and cutlasses.

"Two of you stand guard at the hatch cover until the rest of you get the others down. Keep out of sight until all of them get out of the hold. We want the English to stay aloft until we're ready for them on deck. You should have five or ten minutes before they notice anything. Trust them up as you let them come down and we'll put them where they put you. . . . But first things first! Get your dignities up from the hold—if you want to see Salem against Septimus and I will take care of the lieutenant and the helmsman."

The helmsman could only gaze when Captain Hazen and Septimus materialized out of the blackness on the bridge. After his first stupefaction, the lieutenant uttered an oath and whipped out his sword. Each struck at out of his hand with an English cutlass.

"You're my prisoners, sir!" he snapped. "There's no other standing by this time. Any show of resistance from you—"

Hazen was only slightly less astonished than the prize crew, bewildered by the realization that the Helmsman had been recaptured so easily and he was once again the master of his own quarters. By the light of the lanterns in the cockpit, he watched the English men climb down from aloft, one at a time, to be faced up by the grinning Salem men, loose chain coils still hanging from their own wrists. The prisoners were lined up as a neat row with their backs against the weather rail. The glow by now had shaded a little. Prentice Hazen told Septimus to start a fire in the galley and serve coffee to all hands. "You might put a splash of rum in it," he added, grinning.

That was as much celebration as he cared to permit until they were safely in Salem harbor. The triumph just achieved was overshadowed by the peril still ahead. English cruizers were patrolling the Atlantic, adding immeasurably to the ordinary dangers of the winter sea. But Hazen's first concern was to get the English men in irons and safely secured down in the hold.

Prentice repaid the courtesy which the lieutenant had extended to him, but Broadhurst recovered quickly the invitation to use the cockpit. "My first command and no doubt my last!" he said. "When they hear that I left it without even striking a blow—"

"I lost the wheel the same way," Prentice reminded him.

"But you lost only a single! You don't wear the Majesty's uniform?" His Majesty couldn't expect you to do more than you did. Your own captain shared the crew and we were all fit for whipping through the straits. You fell in with a rogue lot; a kind you weren't accustomed to."

The young Englishman flushed. "What I meant was that my business is fighting, as yours is trading. I had no intention—"

"And I meant only to suggest that you consider the cabin your own, as long as this voyage may last. As for fighting, I have to do a little of it myself now and then."

Hazen had little leisure to consider the plight of Lieutenant Broadhurst for the next few days. The log showed them to be much further up the African coast than he had supposed. Even in English hands the Helms had lived up to the reputation of Massachusetts shipbuilders.

It stores—particularly water—hadn't been so low. Hazen would have pointed her bow for Salem at once. But with the prospect of a winter crossing of the North Atlantic, he decided to hold the present course until he came across a safe spot to run into shore and provision.

At last they found a cove where the anchor took bottom in six fathoms over clean sand. Hazen sent boats ashore to fill the water casks, and natives paddled out in canoes loaded down with yams, chickens and fruits which they traded for knives, soap and lengths of cotton cloth.

The English women, their arms fastened to ring bolts in the hold, had no chance to escape while the people played between ship and shore, and Hazen himself kept a sharp eye on Lieutenant Broadhurst.

They had entered the cove, at dusk, by midnight they put to sea again. At dawn Hazen planned to take the shortest route to Salem. But at dawn they sighted a strange and towering down on that bare the north with the wind behind it. Hazen had flung himself down on his bunk fully clothed, and when the watch summoned him, he hurried up on deck. He knew that a strange sail in these waters was likely to be an enemy sail. Having also heard the call from the watch, Broadhurst eagerly followed on his heels.

It was still dark, and even with night glasses, Prentice could not make out the strange sail too clearly.

"Is she British?" The lieutenant tried to keep excitement out of his voice.

"I don't know," Prentice said grudgingly. "Look to the water and sharply cut. They could be the topsails of a full-rigged ship, clearing

southwest. At least I think so." As the light improved he decided on that theory. The sails stayed low, but they were coming down almost due south, fast and straight.

"We'll make him show himself," Prentice turned to the helmsman. "After your course—west and a little by the north."

The Helms lay over reluctantly, as if she smelted Salem already. The strange vessel changed course smartly, following the bright lead. Now she stood out as a not-to-be-mistaken silhouette. The three stubby masts, the rakish mizzen, the look of evil speed that proclaimed the Atlantic Breeze. Purkin Captain Hazen heaved an order that sent the Salem men stoop to crowd in all and they weren't doing anything so mild and unostentatious as an English sail if that ship ever hoisted them. Steved throats or being put up for sale in the slave markets of Algiers were only two of the horrors that might befall them.

Actually all they stood to gain by making all possible and was time, for Hazen knew they could never hope to outrun the pirates. Grimly, he had the hulk prepared for defence. Muskets and pistols were loaded and ready. Pikes and cutlasses were placed about the ship where they could be snatched up instantly. The two watches at the stern were equipped and loaded with grape. Meanwhile, the helms was closing fast.

CAPTAIN HAZEN divided his attention between the pirates and Lieutenant Broadhurst who stood beside him in the bridge. The Englishman looked grim but it was obvious that he was no longer useless or dispirited. Hazen was wrangling with a weighty problem. Intuitively Prentice made his decision.

"Lieutenant Broadhurst!" he said, "We shall be attacked shortly, and no doubt we shall be heavily outnumbered. I will not suffer Christian men to be chained and helpless at the mercy of heathen pirates. I'm going to order your men to be taken out of irons. They will take orders from you. All I ask is that they sell their lives dearly."

Broadhurst's blue eyes were shining. "That you may depend upon, Captain Hazen."

Prentice turned and shouted his orders to the crew. "Free the Englishmen and arm them. We'll need every man we can muster for this battle."

A shout of approval went up from the Salem men.

"Let us take the wheel of the ship," Broadhurst begged.

"As you will. The long will turn to them for a moment as they attempt to grapple. After that it will be hand to hand."

The trunk of turning tell to an enemy trying to come alongside was one that Prentice had seen performed to advantage when he was a clean boy. To insure proper execution of the tricky maneuver he took the wheel himself. There was little time to watch the English, but the quick glances he cast in their direction showed him they had taken cover and were ready.

(Continued on page 32)

in holiday mood



What is a beach without a blonde?
We were contemplating life in
philosophic mood when this lovely
lady shattered the train of thought
with a 100% of sunlight.



What, another carnival? "Yes," she smiled. "You see, I swim in the sea." (When she'd left no change, we returned to philosophy. Then she returned and philosophy left.)

We left the beach and saw this beautiful body on a roundabout. Claspote could not have made more impact on Mark Antony than this beauty did on us.





We walked back to the beach and saw the blonde again. She had changed her size—again! "It won't fall off," she explained. "Now we have more philosophical material to ponder."

A 38-inch bust redhead manufactures dangers and thrills which keep T.V. viewers on the front edge of their chairs, because they know she's going to escape. But they wonder how.



Delish tied up to a post in Tex's pit.

BEAUTY BEATS THE BEAST

TAKE a girl—any girl with and hair and a 36-inch bust, and beautiful anyway. The bar to a post and let some hungry hams loose. Let the hams growl around, let them roar, let them spring white terror lights up the beautiful eyes...

Interested? So are TV viewers throughout the United States who fall for the oldest gimmick in history as they were drawn their chair edges, watching Theodore Lynch play her blood-breeding lead in the "Dangers of Delilah."

There's nothing about Theodore that you wouldn't look at twice; she is a TV attraction on her own, with measurements and coloring as above, and she is married to a wealthy husband and doesn't have to earn money. She subjects herself to all kinds of dangers at the whim of TV script writers because she wants to participate in the profitless thrill-making effort put forward for many days, and she enjoys it as much as the viewers.

Theodore—or Delilah—may be steamed, boiled, sewn in hell or impaled—it's up to the scripters, and the scripters know that Delilah—or

Theodore—can infuse the right amount of suspense into each new device.

Why? Because the problem is to put TV over in a big way against Hollywood glamour competition; and because TV knows that nothing appeals like bigger and better thrills.

Danger and suspense are the thrill-ingredients which have been offered since the anonymous author of the Arabian Nights devised the idea that a girl had to tell a story a night to save her head from being cut off. The readers of the early classics were not European or Christian—but the horrible thought of a lovely Scheherazade having her beautiful neck severed was enough to keep Arab readers ploughing through the stories to discover what happened in the end.

What happens in the end is the curiosity gimmick that keeps readers coming, whether in a story where the hero is plunged in a tight catch, or in a detective story where the villain is as free as the breeze—until half way down the last page. The convincing portrayal of some-

body in danger is the greatest draw-card the entertainment industry has found.

When Marilyn Monroe gets into a scrape in "River of No Return" maybe it isn't art—but the mob loves it, not only because it's Marilyn, but because Marilyn is in trouble. And that is the formula for visual success.

The 36-inch bust Theodore, coffee-petting on TV with Marilyn on film, gets herself started into a boiler, spiked on a board, chased through an underground railway, tied up for hanging—how gruesome can you be? But the mob is pulled into its own lounge room to look at its own TV and see the shadow of Delilah's danger. Of course, everybody knows that it's against the rules for heroines to die, therefore Delilah must escape safe and unscathed in the end—but that doesn't stop them looking, glass-eyed, to find out how she does it.

It's just worry about what will happen to the heroine that gets the edge-of-the-chair reaction, always has. The most peace-loving citizens find their greatest relaxation in



Left: Delilah under docks. She is running along under water-front to escape from gang. Right: Delilah and doctor. She has been put on a plank and is about to be dumped into the flames of the boiler.

danger and escape, even when they hardly know it themselves. On Saturday night a man buys a ticket for the stock car racing, which is the latest Sydney spectacle thrill, and equally draw-cards in London and New York as well. He goes and one of the cars wins. Is he happy? Hardly. At the speedway he waits with bated breath for somebody to smash, for somebody to explode or go up in flames. The danger of the fast race on the tight track puts him right in and keeps him there. Why does a man who can't kill a Christ-mas chicken go to see a man risk breaking his neck? Nobody knows; the point is that the man does go, like it, and helps the promoters show a profit.

So it is with Theodore Lench and DeLish and TV, and so it has been since the world began.

In England recently there was a schlock-movie because of the "horror" programme called "1978", which was much criticised for the deep-dreary contents of its script. DeLish has been criticised, too, for the TV casters are berating: everybody watched the lovely redhead as her curves are threatened and emerge unscathed.

People have always liked blood-chills. In Roman times, they turned up in their thousands to watch the unfortunates thrown to the lions and the watchers cheered themselves hoarse as the lions did their work. Men fought each other to the death with swords to make a Roman Holiday for the mob. The Coliseum was packed, and when one gladiator managed to knock the other off his feet, he would pause, waiting for word from the crowded arena. The fate of the fallen was a

suspense story until the crowd gave its verdict by signs. The clonched hand with thumb down, pointing at the fallen warrior, meant he was to be killed. The clonched that without the thumb extended upwards meant he was to be spared. Usually the thumb was down, because there wasn't much fun in seeing a man go free.

Sometimes the verdict was left to the Emperor or some other favoured beauty in the Emperor's box. If she liked the fallen gladiator she would spare him. She gave the thumbs down sign whenever she felt like seeing an entertaining slaughter, which was often.

The old Romans had another happy little "sport" fighting between two men with fists encased in leather thongs into which were placed sharp iron spikes. The Greeks started this, and they had a champion, Theseus, who won over 1000 battles, killing or maiming most of his opponents. When Rome conquered Greece, they took the sport to Rome, to amuse the populace there. Of course, death resulted almost every time—often with the first blow or two. These studded things were known as Costus. They were brutal in the extreme, but millions of paying customers through centuries thought they were fun.

The idea of these thrills happening to or involving women dates considerably more recently now than it used to in the robust past. It is easy to forget today that little consideration was given to the gentler sex in times gone by. The novels of romance have an inclination to gild the lady fair whose husband departed for crusades leav-

ing her locked in an ivory tower wearing a chimney belt—had her portion was that of being, virtually, a prisoner condemned to loneliness maybe for years, maybe for ever. Because there was no guarantee that the gallant knight would ever return. There were no battle casualties, no lost naval services, but there were as many wandering men as there have ever been.

One of France's early ladies, Louise de la Roche, was a lovely lady-ager when her older and fearsome husband departed for the Holy Land in the thirteenth century. She lived through forty years of life, waiting for his return. For those forty years she was confined to the rooms of one palace; through those years she wore an iron chastity belt; through those years she waited for her lord's return. The only thing she ever got for her pains to be faithful, was a crop of conflicting rumours that he was dead, that he was alive, that he had been seen in Greece on his way home, that he had been shipwrecked, that he had been captured by Moorish pirates and was probably a slave. Nobody knows what happened to him. But the lady Louise de la Roche finally became insane and died in the attic of rooms she had lived in for almost all her life, an undressed recluse, tortured by the fact that the only life she had was wasted.

Novelists can glamorise ladies like her; but they cannot take away the loss suffered by Louise.

That, however, was perhaps the gentlest treatment the madwoman could receive. Joan of Arc was a girl—a girl who, by modern standards, wasn't worthy of being burnt at the stake; but that is what happened to her. And whatever the politics behind that move may be, they don't explain the cruelty of the stake burning accorded to many a girl who earned a reputation for being a witch. Maybe the only grounds for calling her a witch was that she was beautiful and high-spirited; or that she could tame animals. Or that she was standing under a tree struck by lightning and wasn't burned.

Grounds didn't matter much. Such were the fears and superstitions of the period that people were actually relieved and cheered seeing the dying agonies of young women who, in full possession of their senses and feelings, felt the excruciating agony of flames that gradually burnt them to death.

Especially the punishments for infidelity were of such sadism and cruelty that the modern mind refuses even to read the details. Some of these Latin writings which describe them are regarded as "too tough" to be translated into English, too revolting to read.

Even in the United States a little more than a century ago, civilized Christian people didn't boggle at branding an unfaithful wife like people brand cattle, with the letter A on the breast, one of the tenderest parts of a woman's body. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote a famous

See Chamber. DeLish has been locked into the chamber; she is waiting for her fate after a gas bomb has been thrown in.



novel, "The Scarlet Letter" around the theme, and developed it to high drama; but that was pale compared with the human tragedy.

It took very little in medieval England to lead to the beheading of a woman — and one is inclined to forget that the branded wretch of the time lapped up the spectacle, as they also did when the gallotins cut short the beauties of the French Revolution.

Through medieval times there was the custom, not well known, of permitting women to fight duels, before the later laws permitted women who quarrelled to name champions to fight duels on their behalf.

Today the spectacle of a woman in terror evokes a very different reaction — and if any of the many periods which threatened Pearl White or Theda Bara Lynch ever came off, and the audience actually saw these heroines suffer the fate which threatened them, they would be revolted and would complain.

Yet there remains the fact that a lot of excitement is provided by finding these ladies in dangerous positions, the tension built, and the relief that comes when they finally extricate themselves from their predicament is not by any means the same feeling as the savage joy with which earlier generations burnt witches or beheaded unfaithful wives or just locked up ordinary wives like Louis de la Bay for a lifetime of solitude and ultimate insanity.

It is a mark of our advancing civilization through the centuries that the blood-lust has disappeared, that we now understand the folly of it, and that we look for civilized and logical as humane approaches to people and problems.

Nevertheless, just as the dimmed organs of the body remain in vestigial form, so there remain in our instincts, the vestiges of those rugged days — hence our enjoyment of dangerous spectacles, thrills, or — in very many cases — the blood sports which are regarded as eminently respectable.

Beer-baiting, in which a bear was led to stakes and had to withstand the attacks of dogs, was a favored "sport" in the Middle Ages in England and on the continent. To make the match more in favour of the dogs, the bear's claws were withdrawn, and once again cruelty became a major sport, as it is in cock-fighting, another sport which was popular, even as late as the last century, and is still in vogue in places like the Philippine Islands. In this sport, the pitons are not satisfied with the birds using their natural implements—spurs. They place steel spurs over the cock's natural spurs. That "sport" went out of vogue legally in England and Australia towards the latter end of the 19th century. The Latin races still find it fun, as they do the "sport" which is regarded as the cruelest of all—bull-fighting, the national sport of Spain and Mexico.

In all of these sports in all ages, the basic offered ingredient is the same—the explanation of suffering, and suspense at the outcome of



Delish between spikes. She is wedged between spikes in a Swedish torture machine that dates back to the Middle Ages.

bloody combat. The thrill of seeing someone else in danger. They sought a girl who could be cast as a helpless American maiden in the clutches of villains, and Pearl White was the most famous of any such girl. She was starred in "Perils of Pauline", a serial in which she was always left in dire straits at the end of each episode. Pearl was sensational. Beginning at 35 dollars a chapter, her salary soared to astronomical figures.

So popular was the Pearl White serial that other films were made with other stars who through attempts to imitate Pearl, became known as the "Cliff Hangers". But no one ever came up to Pearl in popular appeal, maybe because Pearl had a knack of looking helpless.

Pearl touched her run with over \$300,000 dollars in her purse. The wages of thrill-making reflect the popularity of the fare provided.

Horror films had a big appeal 30 years ago, with Lon Chaney setting a standard which has never been equalled—not even by Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi who followed him. When that cycle finished, Hollywood turned to suspense without the straight-out fantastic situa-

tions of the horror film. English director, Alfred Hitchcock, became the master of suspense.

TV, seeking to make impact, brought the entertainment field back to the danger, thrills and suspense of the "Perils of Pauline" era, this time with "Dangers of Delish" and the bawdy redneck star, Theda Bara Lynch.

Unlike Pauline, Delish is not helpless. She wields a mean belt buckle as weapon, a belt buckle that could become a goldmine for the sponsors of her program. The sponsors hope that Delish will become a legend in the Hopalong Cassidy manner and if she does, apart from making money from her shows, they will find that belt buckle a wonderful selling commodity, like Hopalong Cassidy badges and guns.

Until this cycle is completed "Dangers of Delish" will make much money for the star, the sponsors and the television station. Crowds love chains and thrills; they like to watch other people in danger, and they like suspense. Unless human nature alters, people will always go for thrills, danger and suspense. It is our marred nature, but it's a lot of fun for most people and a lot of money for the rest.



BATTLE OF

THE shadow of death was there, clinging grimly and with an oppressive silence to the wooden buildings that lined the main street of the small Western town.

A lone rider came down the street. His horse was walking slowly with its head down a little and its body covered with sweat. His hoofs sent up swirling clouds of dust that enveloped the lean-faced rider. Frightened men and women peered out from behind curtained windows, watched him map in front of Snake Hall's saloon, dismount and slip the reins over the hitching post.

A few men were at the bar. They turned quickly—nervously—as the man entered, saw the tall, thin body, the lack of expression on the lean face, and then quickly looked down at their whisky glasses. No one spoke.

Snake Hall, pudgy and red-faced, grabbed a bottle. "Better have a shot of whisky, Heck," he said quickly to the man.

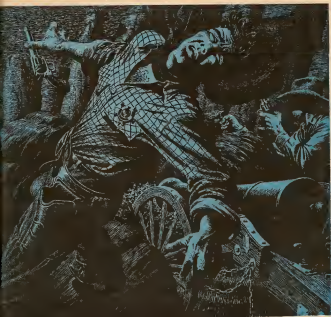
Snake's hand trembled a little as he poured the liquor.

The man's fingers were around the glass, gripped it tightly for a moment, and then drained it in one

gulp. "What's it hot?" he demanded of Snake. Snake glanced in the direction of the door to a rear room. "In there," he said. "Jeff Root's with him."

The man turned slowly, back against the bar and eyes watching the room. Then he sidled along the bar, got to the end, swung quickly to the right and walked through the door and into the rear room.

Grimly-faced old Jeff Root, the 70-year-old marshal, was standing behind a table on which lay a body, covered by gunny sacks. The man pulled a gunny sack down and look-



RABBIT TRAP

ed at the face of a 20-year-old youth.

"They got him in the back," Jeff Root said. "Dry-gulched him as he walked down a side street early this morning."

The man pulled the gateway cack back over the face. "Who did it?" he asked.

Jeff Root shrugged. "Who kills anybody around here? Ned Christie and his gang. They've taken over this town. This young kid was sent to establish law and order. He never had any more chance than the three town marshals Ned Christie

kill'd. The town is baffled, afraid to even peer out of windows."

"Have his body taken over to Fayetteville," the man ordered. "Let Youse will see that it is sent to his parents. When do Christie and his men appear?"

"They come after dark, like rats. The word has probably been passed on to Christie that you arrived. He and his men will be in this saloon sometime after dark. They'll work the one-two ambush on you, like they did the town marshals."

At that time—November 3, 1892—Ned Christie, who became one of

the great United States marshals of the Old West, was in his forty-fifth. He had come north out of Texas as a herd boss for the EU Ranch. His first brush with outlaws brought him an offer to serve as town marshal at Muskogee. He brought law and order to that town and went on to serve as marshal for other towns.

The year before he had been made a deputy United States marshal under Jake Youse in Fayetteville, Arkansas, whose jurisdiction included the wild and lawless Cookson Hills, which was a part of the Indian territory. Krumer's first job

it began to look as though nothing or nobody could blast the killers out of their fortress. Then a daring U.S. marshal conceived a wild plan.



was to run down the infamous Cheesecake Bill, who later heard Judge Parker, the Roaming Judge, condemn his back to the name.

On the northern border of the area comprising the Cookson Hills is the town of Tahlequah, which today is a flourishing city, the home of several colleges. In 1882 the rash of settlers had not started into the territory and Tahlequah was a sparsely settled village of wooden houses and shacks and less than two hundred frightened souls.

At night this population increased noticeably. The saloons—killers and general raff-raff of the frontier—who used the deep box canyons and impossible hills as a hideout during the day would flock to Tahlequah to drink Snake Bill's cheap whiskey.

Several months before, Ned Christie and his gang of outlaws, driven out of Oklahoma Territory, had come to the Tahlequah area. The sage of Cookson Hills, made by such outlaws as Belle Starr, Clarence Hall, the Dalton Brothers, Sam Starr, and others, is a gruesome trail of blood and sudden death, but none of these famous characters surpassed Ned Christie for sheer brutality and ruthless killing.

Christie and his men killed for the sheer love of murder. They robbed trains, held up banks, seldom leaving any of their victims alive, and when they weren't doing this, they were ambushing farmers, killing whole families just to get a horse or two.

Their advent in Tahlequah had been long remembered in that part of the present State of Oklahoma. They ride down the street of the

small town at sunset when men and women were out of their houses. When they passed, five men and three women were dead and many others were wounded. And from that day on, the grim shadow of death lay on the town. Nobody ventured out as the afternoon wore on and evening was coming.

Only the killers and hoodlums, hiding in the hills, would ride at night that street to Snake Bill's saloon. The citizens of Tahlequah tried to get protection. They hired a town marshal. He was killed the first night by Christie and his men. Another man offered to take the job. He died in a saloon war-bunk. The third marshal lived only two days. Two others didn't remain long enough on the job to get killed.

Old Jeff Root, 77 years old and feeble, took the job. Christie and his men laughed at the old man but didn't kill him because he couldn't bother them. The citizens of the town, now thoroughly aroused, sent a request to United States Marshal Jake Young in Fayetteville for help.

Young Dan Maples had just been made a deputy United States marshal at the request of Heck Bruner, who had known the Maples family in Texas and who looked on Dan as a kid brother. Dan was a good shot, had pluck of courage, so when he pleaded with Young to be sent to Tahlequah, the marshal agreed if he would wait until Heck Bruner got back and could go with him.

But Dan Maples was young, impulsive, and wanted to go on his first job alone. Heck Bruner heard about Maples' assignment two hours after Dan had left for Tahlequah,

and knowing the death trap awaiting the kid, Bruner had ridden a top speed for Tahlequah. When he got to Proctor, 18 miles east of Tahlequah, he learned the news of Dan's death.

Jeff Root got a buckboard from O'Leary Leary Stickle, had the body of young Maples loaded on it and then Tendon and Jim Fenn started to Fayetteville with the load of death. Heck Bruner watched the buckboard disappear and then he walked slowly into the saloon.

"Don't be a fool, Heck," Root said. "I know what the kid meant to you, but the odds are too much against you. If they don't get you in this saloon, they'll dry-gulch you. You've wired us he is sending Al White and other deputies over here, and we got word that Deputy Pat Tolbert, Captain Charley White, Charles Copeland, Wes Miller, Ed Smith, and Tim Johnson are coming from Muskogee. They'll be here on the morning. You need this many men if you are going to fight Christie and his gang from their hideout."

"Don't worry about me, Jeff," Bruner answered. "I got a score to settle with Christie and I'll do it in my own way."

NIGHT fell slowly over the town of Tahlequah. Small-time outlaws on horseback began to straggle into town from their hideout in the hills. Word had spread that Heck Bruner was in Tahlequah and would take over Dan Maples' job. The raff-raff of the frontier liked to see a man dry-gulched if there wasn't any danger to themselves.

The hours passed slowly. Heck Brainer stood at a doorway of a building across the street from the saloon, waiting for Ned Christie and his men. It wasn't until well after 9 o'clock that the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance signalled the arrival of Christie and his men and the beginning of a gun battle that still ranks as the greatest in Oklahoma history.

The hours reached the end of the main street and guns began to roar and bullets shattered windows in the buildings of both sides of the street. Ned Christie led the procession of killers on a large white horse. The horsemen, 11 in all, stopped in front of the saloon and Christie led his men inside.

"And where is the nice little newspaper who is taking the place of the old that died this morning?" he demanded, turning to eye the crowd. "I understand he is mad about the old dying and is talking nifty stuff."

The crowd at the bar began to back away. Arch Wolf, Christie's right-hand man, said, "Well, Ned, he ain't so fast, this new mounted. He ain't wanting to die like a hero. You won't see him in here."

The doors of the saloon opened and the tall, lean figure of Heck Brainer walked in and moved straight toward Ned Christie.

Christie and his men moved quickly, as if each had rehearsed every detail of their act of death. The one-time gambler in a saloon was an old gag in the West. It had many variations, but the general idea was always the same. The trick was for the man talking to the victim to walk a few steps beyond him before saying anything, the theory being that a quick question would throw the victim off his guard.

Archie Wolf and Wild Harry, two of Christie's best gunmen, remained in front of the sneering Brainer. Meanwhile, Christie began walking forward to meet Brainer at an angle that would take him a few steps to the right of the mounted.

"All right, Christie," Brainer said. "I am here to arrest you for the murder of Dan McPike." Christie continued walking until he was close of Brainer and had him in the direct line of fire from Archie Wolf and Wild Harry's guns. "You dirty skunk," Christie snarled. "Try to arrest me. You yellow-bellied..."

What happened next was not exactly as Christie and his men had planned. Archie Wolf and Wild Harry drew, but Brainer hadn't moved to answer Christie. The two guns came out with lightning speed, fired twice. Wild Harry went down with a part of his head blown off. Archie Wolf gave a cry of pain, dropped his gun, and was holding his bleeding wrist. Brainer's gun roared again, and Pete Carney and Dago Pete, two of Christie's men, went down.

Snake Ball nonchalantly picked up his six-gun. It roared three times and the rest of the lumps hanging from the ceiling went out. It was the trick Snake Ball always used to stop a gun fight. Brainer

went down on one knee in the darkness. A gun roared at his right and the bullet whizzed over his head. He fired at the flashes of the gun.

No more guns roared. Men were pushing and groping through the swinging doors like acrobats trying to stompede through a gate. Five minutes later Jeff Root set a lamp on the bar. The yellow flames flickered and gave off a weak light. Brainer was standing with his back to the bar. The saloon was empty. The three dead men—Wild Harry, Pete Carney and Dago Pete—lay on the floor. Archie Wolf and Ned Christie had disappeared.

Outside, horses' heads were peering the dusty main street. "They're leaving town," Brainer exclaimed to Jeff Root. "I'm going after them."

Old Jeff Root jumped in front of Brainer. "You fool," he cried. "That's where they want you to do. They'll give them the chance to ambush you. Wait for White and the others. They'll be here before morning."

"If they come," Brainer cried, "tell them to follow me."

Brainer dashed out of the saloon. Jeff Root let out a groan. Snake Ball looked at the three items he had shot away and remarked, "These gun battles are getting right expensive."

When dawn broke Brainer was following a narrow creek-like trail that led around the base of Snake Mountain. He had not, as old Jeff Root had feared, ridden into an ambush trap Christie and his men planned.

A full moon had come out, making the night almost as light as day,

and in this light Brainer had been able to pick up the best marks of the horses of Christie and his men. They had followed a well-marked trail around the base of Snake Mountain where all trails stopped and the wild and almost impossible country started.

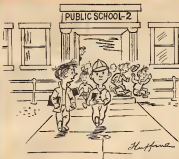
Here he found the marks of the horses turned off sharply into a creek bed. Following this, which didn't have much water in it, he had little difficulty seeing the ground and broken stones. He led his horse and walked slowly. About a mile up stream, the bank of the creek was covered with horse heads where the outlaws had swerved to the right and into the dense underbrush of scrub oak and blackjack.

BACK in Tahlequah the little town was filled with peace officers. Al White and four deputies from Fayetteville had arrived about a half hour after the men from Muskogee under Deputy United States Marshal Pat Tolbert rode into the town. Armed possemen, coming from all parts of the Cookson Hills, were reporting to Deputies White and Tolbert.

In the dense underbrush Heck Brainer was having little trouble following the tunnel-like path used by Christie and his men. And as he walked, he dropped small torn pieces of white paper.

The path suddenly opened out on a series of wild box canyons, high cliffs and weird rock formations. This had been dubbed "Rabbit Trap," because the cliffs and canyons formed what looked like a box rabbit trap.

(Continued on page 76)



"More history tomorrow. Miss Jennings is going to tell us about Miller . . . whenever he was."

A SCALP FOR

FICTION ●

By FRANK SCOTT YORK

I KNEW it was an emergency when the Colonel's orderly roared me out of the sack before the sun had edged over the walls of the fort. Another and surer indication was the two heads on Private Mills, the orderly.

"It's a hell of an army," I said to the head on the left, "when a man can't even sleep off last night's whisky."

"Last night's, sir?" Private Mills grinned. "You got in no more than an hour ago."

I staggered up from the sack. "I can't make it, Private, without a new issue of legs."

"The Colonel is right anxious for you to get over to his quarters, sir." He steered me to my locker.

"The Colonel," I snarled, "is a maggot-eater, hardheaded, port-bellied old—" Private Mills wore a delighted grin, and I realized my opinion would be common knowledge by breakfast—"man," I con-

cluded weakly. "But, a hell of a fine soldier."

"Yessir, Major Temple," the private said, disappointed.

With his help, I made it across the parade ground, and when I started roaring orders at the top of my lungs, he obligingly clamped his hand over my mouth.

Colonel Winfield was in full uniform when we finally rocked into his office. He turned from the wall mirror wearing half a face of shaving lotion and grinned.

I replied with my own grin, but added a mumbled, "Sir," afterward.

"All right," he snapped irritably. "I know you're sore at me for this, but hear me out before you rask a general court with that many tongues of yours."

I drew up to wavering attention. "Sir, Major Josh Temple, reporting to the colonel as ordered. And, sir, the major's tongue is too thick at the moment to be busy. The major,

sir, is drunk, as any good, god-fearing cavalry man would be when he is supposedly on forty-eight hours leave. The major only returned to the Fort, sir, because of an annoying, mostly dead run of jack with the corns in Lead Forks, last night. As soon as he can promote a train bankrupt, he intends—"

"Shut up, you imbecile," the colonel roared through the leather. "And Private Mills, take that idiotic grin of yours and leave."

As the soldier shut-faced and marched out, Colonel Winfield wiped the rest of the leather off his face and poured me a steaming mug of coffee from the pot on his desk. He took just long enough for me to feel foolish, and I sat down as he handed it to me.

"All right, Josh," he sighed. "I am sorry. Really sorry. I know you've been on four people without as much as a ten minute break, but something has come up which I



THE MAJOR

"The Sioux are partial to officers' scalps," Colonel Winfield said. "All I ask, Major Temple, is that you give 'em a chance at yours."

can't possibly allow another man we've got around here to handle."

"Indispensable old Josh," I groaned, burying my nose in coffee.

"I hate to admit it, but you're right. If only because you've had the good fortune to stay alive longer than any other officer in my command. The Sioux are partial to officers' scalps as you well know."

"I don't know, Colonel," I said innocently. "You still have yours, this as it is. And you've been around longer than I." It was uncommonly cool of me as desk duty was no choice with the colonel.

He reddened. "I can still take you out behind the stockade and trim your ears back, Josh."

"I'm sorry, Win," I muttered. "You could take hell, but I shouldn't have said it." When I looked up, he was glaring at me.

"You monkey," he said affectionately, "if you get killed, I don't know what I'll do. But when I ex-

plain, you'll understand. You, of course, remember the name of Stevens. Carl Stevens."

"The Indian gun-runner," I said contemptuously. "How I'd love to get my hands around that dirty neck. . . A lot of my men crashed in because of the cartridges he sold the Sioux."

"You could have got your hands around his dirty neck last night if you'd stayed sober," the Colonel grinned. "He was in Lead Forks, last night. I got the report from the sheriff an hour ago."

I set the cup down on the desk. "What?"

"You heard me. He pisted through about nine o'clock and hot out for the hills fast. Stopped just long enough to kill the clerk at the gun shop and steal ammunition."

"That don't sound like Stevens," I said. "He's a cool customer. What got into him?"

The colonel's big hands belled on

the desk. "Stevens went too far this time. He had an argument about money with the party who delivers the cartridges to him for sale to the Sioux. He shot and killed the man. Might have got away with it too. We didn't know who Stevens worked with. Turned out to be a railway man in Kansas City. Came out to deliver five hundred guns personnel."

I whistled softly. "Five hundred? God help us if the Sioux—"

"They won't," the colonel said grimly. "We have them. But last week he delivered one hundred. That's had enough."

"How did you find all this out?"

"The whole thing has hinted wide open. Because the railway men didn't die right off. He crawled out of an alley after Stevens got shot."

The gunfire was a solid wall of sound now. The men were on their knees, firing at the swirling Indians.



HOT
JAMES

him four times. Told the whole story to the sheriff of a little town called Valdez. The sheriff got word to me late last night. Then, this morning, I hear he passed through Lead Forks."

I nodded thoughtfully, feeling stage sober and very mad. "The wine is making for Sioux country. Guess he figures they'll protect him."

"That's just it!" Colonel Winfield said sadly. "They won't. God help the man when they catch him, and he's walking right into their trap."

"I don't get it, Win."

He looked over the desk. "That half-dead Sioux you dragged in two days ago after your last patrol?"

"He still alive? Hell, he had two pounds of lead in his chest."

"He died yesterday. But he told us something. The last shipment of one hundred guns that Stevens delivered—half of them were without firing pins, and the metal was so poor, the pieces have been blowing up in their faces."

I threw back my head and laughed loud and long. "So Stevens could not even be trusted with the Sioux," I managed finally. "Talk about your poor old Stevens! I'm glad someone called him that."

"That's just it," the Colonel smiled grimly. "We can't let the Sioux get him before we do. He was over-cautious. But by whom? Somewhere back east, these guns are being mass-produced solely for use by the Indians. We don't know who manufactures them, nor does the government. They are more interested in finding out than they are in Stevens as a person."

I stood up, my head pounding with a premature hangover. "You mean we have to risk men's lives to save him from the Sioux. I have to take a patrol into their country just to pull this make-out alive?"

"Precisely, Josh. And I wouldn't trust anybody for the job but you. The Sioux hate you more than most, but they know you mean business. If you go in fast and with the scare at their heels, if they've already taken Stevens, perhaps they'll let you have him."

I stared at him incredulously. "You don't really believe that, Win? You can't bargain with the Sioux, even if they believed we wanted to hang Stevens."

He looked at me for a long moment. "Of course I don't believe it. But, Josh, we've got to get Stevens before they do. No matter how impossible the method, we have to get Stevens. Otherwise these guns will still be coming out here through a new agent, one we may never learn even the name of. You understand?"

The Colonel is a coal-headed man, but at the moment his face was flushed with emotion. And it was understandable. With guns and ammunition in sufficient number in the hands of the Sioux nation—I shuddered, looking at the map of the frontier on the wall. That map would be unrecognizable in a matter of months if gun shipments were arriving in lots of five hundred.

"I'll leave in an hour, Colonel," I

said formally, wishing it could be sooner. "With your permission, I'll take a full platoon with four days food and a double amount of ammunition."

"Good. Head-puck your men." He stood up and looked at me. We'd been friends too long for merely shaking hands. "Josh," he said, turning away, "I make this promise. When this is over, you'll have a case of my best whiskey, four days to drink it, and only the good God shall be permitted to bother you."

I peered at the door, smiling. "On one condition, Win."

"Yes?"

"That you join me. That's the only way I'd believe you."

He looked startled, then interested. "Say, it's been a hell of a while at that." As I closed the door, he bellowed, "You're on!"

FOR the first two hours the men groaned, and the horses expressed their disapproval with snorts and side-steps. It was formal, and I couldn't much blame either horses or men.

It had been a hellish hot summer with endless skirmishes and blood-letting in the hills. We had shortages of food, men, water, ammunition and just about everything. And the new graves were as fresh in our minds as they were in the red soil behind the fort.

Sergeant Dugan rode beside me as always, and the scouts went out as we neared the hills.

"Gonna be another burner," the sergeant observed, looking at a leathern sack toward the fire-bell on his belt.

Whiskey fumes drifted inside my skull, and my eyes felt newly sand-papered. "Dugan," I murmured, "you have a vast ability to state the obvious. I am aware that past skirmishes have placed me in your debt. As I recall, you have pulled me down four times when that incredible sixth seventh sense of yours warned you of Sioux arrows or bullets headed my way."

"No bother, sir," Dugan grinned. "I cannot deny this," I continued, "because on all four occasions, my map has been permeated with visible evidence of your scout powers. But, Dugan, despite my indebtedness, I ask you not to make comment on the heat, the thirst, or the obvious weariness of the horses."

"Now, Major," Dugan said, injured, "you're pulling them fancy war college words on me again. I'd almost rather you pulled your rank than their big words." He grinned at me cheerfully. "As for saving your life, as I recall, the Major has drawn a mighty fine bead on a few jump boys which defied this poor, ignorant, Irish sculp."

"Dugan," I said severely, "I take you at your word. I am pulling my rank. Shut up, Dugan."

He chuckled, and I sensed him turn to the men with a lifted eyebrow to warn them the old man had a temper on this day.

"There, rascals," he said after ten minutes. "That we are after our dear friend Stevens. Is that right?"

I glanced at him, not too startled. "So help me," I grumbled, "if the President of the United States fell out of bed, the cavalry within two or a thousand miles away would wince in sympathy."

"Word gets around," Dugan said modestly. "From what I hear though, Major, there'll be little wincing for this Stevens fella."

"Correct, Sergeant."

"A true scout, sir."

"Correct, Sergeant."

"What is your head, Major, in all this heat?"

"Shut up, Sergeant."

We passed briefly at noon, and one of my scouts returned to tell me they'd found fresh fire ashes from the previous night. I'd been fairly sure of the route the man would take, the quickest and shortest to the Sioux. For us, it was not a wise route because it took us through the most likely spots for ambush; through ditches instead of around them, and under towering rocks that could easily be landed from above. But that was the trap, and Stevens knew exactly where he was going without being aware of the reception awaiting him.

The men retired our seats, of course, and they ate their biscuits and dried meat thoughtfully, the way a man eats when he knows it may be his last meal on this earth.

Dugan spoke to be again as we stopped up and resumed the chase at a trot. "I've got the feeling, Major, he's not far ahead. You recall how this patrol rode to a crossroads valley some ten miles ahead. Ten or twelve miles long, and I've a hunch we'll see our man when we hit it."

I flicked sweat from my brow, nodding in unspoken agreement. "You are also thinking, Dugan, that the crossroads valley is the worst possible place to intercept Stevens."

"The Major will agree, I'm sure. Fifty Indians could lay up in the rocks, and you will pardon the expression, cut our heels off."

"I will not only agree, Dugan," I said, "I will go further. In a thousand miles, there couldn't be a better spot to kick the living hell out of us. And with forty, not fifty, of the redoubtable Sioux."

Dugan blew out a gusty sigh. "Seems there could be an easier way to make a living."

"We have no choice, Sergeant. You understand that, don't you?"

He looked at me, truly startled. "The Major doesn't think I questioned him?" He snorted with true Irish sentiment. "The major is aware that the men in his command would follow him to hell with no more than one canteen of water to get out the fearful thirst."

"Dugan," I smiled, "you are a liar and a rascal. And I will break you if you ever change."

"May I return the compliment?" Dugan said, his eyes moist with feeling.

I began to sense a familiar something in the smell of my back and knew the others did too. Talking ceased.

"Fall back and tell them to keep their eyes on the ridge," I said to Dugan.

(Continued on page 73)



This Kind Of Man

Weight, speed and individual skill have made the great League players of all time. It's the kind of man that really counts.

HARRY WELLS, Australian centre-quarter, 32 years old, and weighing fourteen stone, was the hero of the League side in 1924 that won the Third Test Match, and the Ashes, from Dick Williams' touring side, representing England.

Harry scored a try which, though disputed, paved the way for his team's victory. Playing centre with him was Watson, another hard-running fourteen-stoner. They were a mighty tough backbone for the team—backbone enough to make the team victorious.

Anybody who contributed to winning a League test from England was likely to be popular; but the leaders and the excitement weren't the lessons to be learned from the victory.

Only four times had Australia won the Ashes from England—1911, 1920, 1928 and 1924. Each time the Australian centre was, like Wells and Watson, big and tough. And League, which is a big, tough game, can only be won by men built in proportion of the game.

Give tactics their place in the matches, cobweb your theories of behaviour and field placement, debate possession or territory until you are black in the face—whatever style of game you like to see, it is still a game played by men, and it is the men who turn their weight through to victory.

The history of League tells that the men need two qualifications: muscle-packed weight, and the speed to put their pounds where it is wanted most.

The original Kangaroos played the game in 1883-4 for the first time; from the start they were strengthened by the now legendary Herbert Henry "Dolly" Messenger, the ace of the side, and an inspiration to the men who founded the code in Sydney.

Centre-threequarters for Sydney's Eastern Suburbs League Club, Dolly showed over twenty yards a turn of speed that was dazzling. He was brilliant in attack, and a deadly tackler when threatened. He was uncanny at kicking goals.

This little bundle of dynamic stood five-foot-seven in his socks and weighed 13 stone. He played big League football for five years, 1893-13, and he played Union for N.S.W. and for Australia, and League for N.S.W., Australia, New Zealand and Queensland.

They called him "Champion of Champions". He had toughness, weight, speed, agility. He was unorthodox, a tryd which paid outstanding dividends and gave his game the position it will always hold in Rugby football.

While he was playing two of Australia's greatest centres helped Australia gain the Ashes for the first time, in 1911. Vic Farnsworth and Herb Gilbert, both of whom were strong in attack and in defence, and who were still active in football to play in Australia's next success in England in the 1928 series, the centre in the only two series of their time in which Australia won the Ashes.

In 1920 there were three centres—Doug McIlhenny, who went 14 stone

Boston, England, chances to keep ball from Hale, Matuszewska, while Gerszall looks on, in the England vs. Metropolitan match, Sydney, 1924.



Wins At League

SPORT •

By S. G. EBERT

pounds, Keith Middleton, who scored the goals of 12, gave 15 pounds, and Red Andrews of a mere 11 pounds. Their weight, and their skill at the game, made them the strength to their teams that they owed to be.

They did not surpass the mighty Dally, for one reason—that his own individuality was his gift to football, and he was the greatest proof ever of the value of the right hand of man to the game. Dally's value to the game as worthy of further discussion.

His movements on the field were always unpredictable, but it was his goal-kicking which was really extraordinary. In the Kangaroos' first test match against England, played at London in 1928, he kicked five goals, to force a drawn game. In a second Test he scored Australia's only try and goal. He scored four goals when he captained Australia against England in Sydney two years later, and he kicked two more in the combined teams' first match against England during the same

year. A few days later, five of his goals helped Australia to a 22-15 victory.

While on tour in 1931, he was persuaded to give an exhibition of goal-kicking. There was a scattering gale sweeping across the ground when he refused to defer his exhibition, yet he had eleven successes from twelve attempts.

Many years after his retirement from the game, "Dally" disclosed one trick that might have subjected to his astounding goal-kicking. In those days football shorts had pockets. He used to carry a handful of rain in his pocket, and before taking a place-kick, he poured rain on the front of his jersey. He rubbed the ball against his jersey before placing it—a natural action—and, as he knelt to set the ball in position, he dusted rain on his incip and instep. He says, now, that the rain reduced the chances of spoiling the kick.

At the Sydney headquarters of the Rugby League, there is a full-length coloured photograph of



Fennery, capped Englishman, applies a stronghold on Koorsey in the England vs. N.S.W. match in Sydney, 1934. Englishman Black on the left, while Jack Raper, N.S.W. player forward, is on the right.



MAN'S BEST FRIEND



"Daddy" Messenger in football tape, wearing the maroon and blue striped jersey of the 1930 Kangaroos, the Australian Rugby League team, in which he was shipped. Screwed to the center of the bottom width of the heavy wooden frame, is an oblong metal plate, on which is engraved a simple caption: "The Marlar"

The 1930-3 Kangaroos, the "bombers," included several other great personalities. The late Sid "Senda" Pearce, Australia's greatest Test hooker, a big man with tremendously powerful legs and feet, scored in 1930-3, and he went again 13 years later, in 1921-22, playing in two Tests at the age of 41 before a broken leg ended his football career.

He held the record of 13 Test appearances for Australia against England.

Another "pioneer" was W. A. (Bully) Carr, prototype of the modern lock forward, who surprised England by his brilliant linking with the backs.

Touring England with the Rugby Union Wallabies at the same time was Chris McKinnon, of Orange (he had moved to Glenside Club), who proved one of the greatest half-backs of all time. He was one of many Wallaby stars who crossed to the League in 1911. McKinnon led the 1911-12 Kangaroos—the only one that has gone through a Test series in England, unblemished.

The spectacular Frawley was also in the 1911-12 side, with Albert Hutchinson, a very sound winger, and hard-running Charlie Russell.

IT WAS in 1924, at Sydney, the one of the most famous encounters on the football field took place. It has gone down in Rugby League history as "Rorke's Drift". The name originally referred to a battle engagement between British soldiers and natives in the Boer War, in 1899.

In the "Rorke's Drift" Test match, which decided the 1924 series, England played most of the game with only 11 men. For the final 20 minutes she had only 14—yet England won, 14-5. It was an epic example of sport, field courage and tactical against impossible odds. The critics hailed Rugby League's "R.D." after the names of players who took part in this match—a striking example of the value of the individual to the team.

England had been given an over-exacting schedule. It was the third Test in eight days. Their casualties had been heavy. Led by skipper Harold Wagstaff, the tourists were annoyed at the unfairness of the schedule and determined to win.

Two years previously the Kangaroos had travelled to England for a convincing win of the series—their first victory on record. They had drawn one Test match and won the other two. The Englishmen had won the first of the 1914 matches 20-3. Australia had equaled by winning the second 19-7. This was the decider.

Even before the first scrum, England winger, Frank Williams, twisted an ankle and "Chuck" Johnson was "ed out of the pack to help him.

Despite the crippled winger, England led 3-2 at half-time. Then trouble really started. Big Douglas Clark, the forward from Huddersfield, who had broken his thumb during the first half, was charging towards the line when Australian "Tony" Holloway came across to take him. Clark raised his hand to fend him off but remembered his broken thumb. Instead he swung into the Australian with his massive shoulder. Holloway doubled and Clark, off balance, crashed to the ground. He smashed his shoulder. He had it strapped and twice tried to return to the game but it was impossible.

Frank Williams was hurt again and went off. Then Billy Hall was taken out with concussion. England had only ten men left but still they were winning the ball from the scrums—with a three man pack! Wagstaff directed the attack like a genius. His leadership was superb. Mervynville he held his men together.

With twenty minutes of play left, Wagstaff cut through and ran to the wing where lock-forward Johnson had replaced Williams. He sent Johnson away with Australia's all-time back, Howard Hall, in best—but forty yards to run. A pass of surprise arose from the 40,000 spectators as Johnson put the ball on the ground and started to dribble in a soccer style. Around Hall he went, tipped it over the line and drove to score one of the most amazing individual tries ever witnessed in big football.

At last Australia began to win the ball from the scrums but the three-quarters could not penetrate England's ferocious defence. The full-backs were everywhere—barging, crashing and tackling like demons. Messenger fought his way through to score Australia's second try, just before the full-time whistle.

It was a grand win for England and a magnificent achievement for Harold Wagstaff, the English captain. All Australian players were unharmed in their passage. "He was a mighty player and a mighty captain," Howard Hall, said later. "The manner in which Wagstaff chopped off the Australian attack before it got going, could only have been done by a football genius."

"England seemed to play like men possessed that day and knocked down everything that was above the grass."

THE 1933 Tests in Australia and the 1931-32 Kangaroo tour produced a new crop of stars. The "Big Four" of the English tour were Harold Horder, Cecil Blinkhorn, Frank Burge, and Duncan Thompson.

Horder was the greatest attacking winger the game has known, and the greatest drawdown since Messenger. He remained in the game until 1933, when an injury in a first-class club game forced his retirement. He had a magnetic spell over English crowds, while the grounds remained dry, with clean fielding, corker-runners, and dazzling bursts of speed.

Horder on the right wing, and the bulky, hard-tending Blinkhorn on the left, were match-winners. Blink-

horn played his best football in England.

Frank Burge, on that tour, not only established himself as the greatest try-scoring forward of all time, but as Australia's finest all-round forward. Consider these figures of the four big point-getters:

	P.	T.	G.	Pin.
Horder	25	35	16	127
Blinkhorn	29	39	—	127
Burge	23	33	8	111
Thompson	26	3	40	100

Burge's try-scoring compared very favourably with that of the two famous wingers. But the most notable feature is that on that tour, he was used, not only as lock-forward, but often as second-rower and front-three. In two of the Tests he was a front-row "prop". He was a brilliant lock-man; yet "Sandy" Pearce described him as one of the greatest front-row supports he had ever known.

Duncan Thompson was a brilliant, constructive half-back, very fast in a short sprint. He won a high reputation in England, and is generally ranked close to McEvitt. Thompson returned to his native Queensland after service with North Sydney Club in its greatest days, and he was a star for the Northern State when, in the mid-thirties, it held supremacy over N.S.W.

Queensland's darling youngsters included a centre of the famous Two-womble brand, Tom Gorman. He played on to lead the early 1935-36 Kangaroos. Gorman was a somewhat centre. He had the twinkling feet of a dancing master, superb hands, and was a natural player. He was also a grand captain—altogether a great figure in the game, and a popular one.

N.S.W. then had a crack half-back combination in "Cherry" Hinch and Eric Weasel. There was also an audacious full-back, Frank McMillan, who followed in the wake of the amazing Eric Freudenfeld, of Queensland, a former Australian Rules player, who made marvellous "lakes".

McMillan, who played above his weight, was a remarkable attacking player. He played in the Jim Sullivan era, and on the 1929-30 tour, was credited with five performances against Sullivan. He led the 1931-32 Kangaroos.

Grand forwards of the late twenties included Queenslanders, superb rucker Mick Madsen, Herb Steinfort, and Tom Dempsey; and two dazzling Sydney boys, Wally Potts and Jack Kingston. There was the tall George Trewheele, who came from the Yarrul district to South Sydney. He was a vicious and clever second-row man, and, with raking strides, tore through opposition. On the 1929-30 tour he was rated the best forward of his day.

The 1932 Tests in Australia brought out great forwards, "Joe" Pearce (second row) and Ray Sherrin (front row). Came the 1931-32 Kangaroos, and with them a "discovery," dynamic five-eighth Vic Rip, one of the greatest in his position the game has known; and the record-breaking centre, Dave Brown. Brown, fast,

Consider these Stories

of the old days

UP until the sixteenth century in Russia church bells were consecrated in the belief that it invested them with a power with which they could ward off pestilence and death. Then, in 1591, Demetrius, the young son of Czar Ivan IV, was murdered in the town of Uglich. Immediately the bell was blamed. It was whipped, stripped of its clapper and nailed to Sticks for 100 years! And in Clayton, on the summit of Adam's Peak, is a bell-like impression, five feet by two feet, which has been the centre of a dispute for centuries—and still is. The Buddhists claim the impression was made by Buddha, the Hindu claim it was made by their god, Shiva, while the Mohammedans claim it was made by Adam. According to the Mohammedans, Adam stood on that spot on one foot, for 1000 years, to atone for his sin in the Garden of Eden.

clusive, and with wonderful anticipation, proved a prolific scorer of tries and a champion goal-kicker. He played in 32 games, in England and France, and his total of 235 points is easily a record for an Australian on tour.

Three of Australia's best in the 1946 series were left-winger Lionel Cooper, five-eighth Pat Devery, and second-row forward Arthur Clues, all now with English clubs.

In 1950 came Clive Churchill, undoubtedly Australia's best three-quarter, whether playing at full-back or centre; Noel Piddig, who set up a tremendous total of points from tries and goals on the 1952 tour; and the inside-back combination, Holman and Stammers, both from Sydney's Western Suburbs Club.

OF the 15 Test rubbers played against England, Australia has won 4 and England 11, with one shared (1949). In normal times an Australian team visits England every four years and vice versa. The date of the Rugby League Ashes depends on the result of a series of three Tests. Some of the series have resulted in a win, loss and a draw for each country. In such a case the Ashes are retained by the holder. They have to be won. An exception to this rule was the 1929-30 Kangaroo tour of England. A fourth and deciding match was played.



"Did you know your elevator is out of order?"

The international competition has featured some titanic struggles. One of the most historical was that played on in Brisbane on the afternoon of June 13, 1933—the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. The match is now known as the Rugby League "Battle of Brisbane". It was a test of strength which was remarkable for the bruises, batterings and broken bones suffered by the players on either side. Only in a boxing ring has a modern sporting bout been more hotly fought.

England had won the first Test, in Sydney, by 8 to 6, with tries by Ellaby and Atkinson and a goal by Sullivan. Erno Wemmel had kicked three goals for Australia. The home-landers had to win at Brisbane to have a chance of taking the Ashes.

The Australian line-up was: Full-back F. McMillan; three-quarters C. Pearce, F. Laws, E. Newman, J. Wilson; two-thirds E. Wemmel; half-back H. Gee; forwards H. Steinhilber (capt.), D. Dempsey, M. Madson, L. Hendke, S. Pearce, F. O'Connor.

England fielded full-back J. Sullivan; three-quarters A. Ellaby, A. Atkinson, S. Broaden, S. Smith; two-thirds E. Pollard; half-back L. Adams; forwards J. F. Thomson, L. White, N. Sijcock, W. Horton, M. Hodgson, J. Featherham.

The game began with scrumman Dempsey collected from Pollard's kick-off and passed directly to Laws. The Australian team swept on to the English line. There was a mass of players struggling near the goal posts when suddenly little Reg Gee, always a danger near the line, shot across to score wide out. Wemmel kicked the goal and Australia led 3-6.

The Australians' brilliant play had their opponents' completely. A scrum went down twenty yards out.

Gee sent the ball shooting to his ginger-headed Wilson from Ipswich, who, in turn, passed it to the blind side. The forward charged through like a tank to score in the corner. This time Wemmel failed to convert. Australia led 5-6.

At last the English machine got going. Adams, Atkinson, Pollard, Broaden and Ellaby handled in succession, moving forward all the while. Ellaby sprang for the line, juggling the ball at his fingertips. He swerved towards the corner flag and cut out two defenders in the process. As he touched down, the crowd was on its feet, cheering madly. The rear questioned by a terse silence as the third half began. The referee's whistle cut through the noise. It was a relief for Australia! Cliff Pearce had been chasing the flying Ellaby, with no earthly chance of catching him, when Englishman Atkinson had run to the front of him, automatically screening off his colleague. The referee was quite correct in ruling sheepdressing against England. It was a scrum by "bumped".

Wemmel added two more points for Australia with a goal before half-time. The local side led 10-6.

Everybody at the ground knew that England, on corruption, would be determined to wipe out their defeat, no matter what the cost. That is exactly what happened. Adams thrust through and passed to the wily Broaden, who ran Stanley Smith into perfect position before transferring to him. The winger went to the scoring line as straight and as fast as an arrow. He dived over a foot inside the corner flag. Sullivan failed with a difficult kick.

Once again England struck. From an Australian punt the hoarse-favoured Atkinson, he gathered, ran on and passed to Pollard, ten yards

out. Pollard threw himself across to clear the line by inches, with McMillan clinging to his legs. The score was now 16-6 in Australia's favour.

A ruck in centre-field broke up and left Australian Dan Dempsey on the ground with a broken arm. He was taken off on a stretcher. Then scrum-half Gee was off for the first aid. He was followed by Newman. It had developed into a tough game. For most of the second half, Australia defended desperately with eleven men.

The English back-line play was dazzling. The big English forwards fought like oxen to penetrate the stubborn defence. The defender played a three-man team while their three-quarters stood close to the Englishmen. Scrum after scrum the ball travelled along the line of English backs as the Australians batted themselves forward to send man and ball crashing to the ground.

At last that mighty winger, Ellaby, broke through. He sent the ball to Atkinson and on it went to the impeccable Broaden. He swerved infield and caught the defence on the wrong leg. He raced across to scoring territory. As he was about to ground the ball for a goal try, Australian Frank O'Connor swooped on to him. O'Connor knocked the ball out of his hand. Featherham, following on fast, dived but was too late. Australia still led 10-8.

Eric Wemmel suddenly got possession from Frank O'Connor. Unable to raise a sprint he staggered down-field. In a moment he had been pulled down. Blamsville Reg Gee had come back against the orders of the ambulance men. Wemmel struggled to his feet and played the ball back to Gee. The little man dived over to score and his battered team-

men gave a weary cheer. Joe Pearce booted the ball unerringly over the centre of the bar and the score was 15-0. That's how it finished. Players of both sides helped each other off the field.

The most serious casualties were: Australia: Dempsey, fractured right arm, Norman, concussion, Gee, sprained leg, Weisland, fractured leg; O'Connor, sprained forehead. England: L. White, stitched scalp, M. Hodgson, stitches over eye and broken toe. No man on that battle field escaped without bruises and abrasions. Later Australian forward Joe Pearce, told newspapermen: "It is one Test match I will never forget. The game was torn from the opening whistle. There were no long periods and the ground shook as players were hurled over by full-blooded tackles."

"The effort of Weisland, who made the last try for Australia, was heroic. We were dejected desperately when suddenly Frank O'Connor secured the ball and fired a pass to Weisland."

"Weisland was suffering great pain from his injured ankle but he gritted his teeth and went through an opening. The Englishmen chased him. Nearer and nearer he got to the line and then a couple of Englishmen hit him and crashed him to the ground."

"How he managed to get up and play the ball I will never know, but he did—and Gee secured and darted over for a try."

THE Third Test in 1936 was one which will remain in the memories of all who saw it. The game was played before a crowd of 81,277, who paid a record total of £12,217. Australia fielded C. Churchill (captain), B. Carlson, R. Wells, A. Watson, N. Pidding, R. Banks, K. Holman, P. Dwyer, M. Probyn, K. O'Shea, B. Davies, K. Kearney, D. Bell. The English team comprised R. Williams (captain), L. Jones, W. Boston, P. Jackson, E. Ashcroft, T. O'Grady, O. Helme, D. Valentine, N. Skoczek, C. Povey, A. Prescott, T. McKinnay, J. Bowden.

England completely dominated the first half hour of the play. During that period the visitors established an 8-0 lead. With a strong breeze assisting England launched strong attacks right from the kick-off. After only six minutes of play, winger Billie Boston crossed the line, but the referee ruled that he had knotted-on in taking a pass from wily, little half-back, Garry Helme.

England scored the first try after thirteen minutes of play. Churchill attempted to clear Australia's line with a long kick. The ball landed at half-way. O'Grady caught it on the tummy and sped upfield, starting the late touch-down. He won the ball to Ashcroft twenty yards from the line. In a split second he was through between half-back Holman and full-back Churchill. He dived for the line and scored.

Five minutes later England scored a second try. Wells was hampered by English forwards, on his own line. He punted down field. Eng-

lish skipper and five-eighth, Dickie Williams, took the ball near the half-way line. In a second he was surrounded by Australian forwards. He kicked over their heads and followed on. The ball bounced well short of Churchill. By the time Williams had gathered it, he had a line of Englishmen in support. He shot away from Churchill and scored near the corner. Jones converted the try and England led 8-0.

Ten minutes before half-time, Australia retired. Half-back Keith Holman, got his three-quarters in motion on his own twenty-five. From Holman the ball went to five-eighth Banks and on to Wells, who burst up the centre of the field. He bustled through three tackles before sending the ball out to Watson, alongside him. Watson made a grand fifty-yards dash, leading Jones and winger Boston, to score between the posts. Winger Pidding converted the try.

No more than a minute before half-time, Wells made another great forty-yards crashing thrust down the centre of the field. He reached England's twenty-five with Pidding in close support. A remarkable tackle by Boston pulled down both Australians. Half-back Holman gained possession from the play-the-ball, and he shot away towards England's line. Ashcroft checked him, but from his goal, and Australian lock-man Dwyer crashed the ball from the rack which followed and scored near the goal posts. Once again Pidding converted and Australia had secured a 16-8 lead at half time.

In the second half Australia played inspired football. That was when Wells scored his disputed try between the goal posts. Some challenged the decision, claiming that Wells had made two movements to cross the line. But the English centre was satisfied with the referee's verdict. Pidding converted and Australia had a commanding lead of 19-8.

From then on the match provided

some of the best Rugby League football seen on Sydney Cricket Ground for many years. Each team attacked viciously, but time after time the attacks were checked by brilliant cover defence. With fifteen minutes of play left, England reduced Australia's lead to 19-11. Dickie Williams made a tricky, weaving run in Australia's twenty-five. He got the ball away to second-rower Bert Skoczek, who veered towards David Valentine, who had been running wide. Valentine straggled up and dashed across in the corner.

Five minutes later Australian scrum-half Holman, got the ball to Wells, thirty yards from England's goal. The top centre burst through and ran towards Boston and Jones. Both tackled him, and he gave Pidding an unobstructed run to the corner. Pidding ran around to score between the goal-posts. He converted his own try, and Australia led 20-11.

However, England fought on with characteristic spirit. Seven minutes before the final whistle there was a scrum down, forty yards from the Australian goal-line. England won the ball and half-back Helme penetrated the Australian defence with an uncanny series of dummies. He ran the full forty yards with his skipper, Williams, close behind him. Near the line Williams cut across, taking a reverse pass. He went on to score behind the goal-posts. It was his second try, and Lewis Jones converted.

When the final whistle went, Australia won the winning side, with the score 20-19.

We failed in the World Championship, but we will be in there fighting the next time we come up against England. That goes for the next world title, too. We have a valuable pointer to the future in our past victories—we must have big, tough centres. We can get them because Australians are tough—and you've got to be tough in Rugby League.



"Careful now, he's in!"



Hang The Outlaw High

FICTION • By MILES OVERHOLT

They were going to hang Johnny for being a member of the outlaw gang. How could he explain that he was innocent?

JOHNNY DECKER had to find sixty more head of cattle within ten days. He had gathered forty, which had been thrown into his pasture in the Tum-a-lum Valley, but Circle D stock was becoming scarce. In ten days Johnny Decker would have to pay the Bank at Tum-a-lum two thousand dollars, or lose his spread. He had been unable to get an extension of the mortgage, but Pat Powers had agreed to take a hundred head of mixed stock at twenty dollars a head, and there was still a chance for the deal.

Hearing a wild steer out of the brush, Johnny suddenly drew his horse to a standing stop. His eyes widened, and he slipped off an exclamation of surprise.

Groping fearfully through the brush, was a boy—about fourteen, Johnny guessed. The kid was trying to hide, but was failing because as the cowboy realized almost at once, the youngster was blind!

"Hey!" Johnny called, "wait a minute! Where you want to go? Maybe I can lead a hand."

But instead of responding, the boy only tried the more fruitfully to hide in the dense shrubbery.

It was a pitiful sight, more than Johnny could bear. He swung into action, the steer forgotten.

Taking down his rope, he shook it out, whistled it once, and sent it snaking into the brush. He didn't pass. He rarely ever missed. He heard a gasp and his horse set back on the rope.

"Steady, Juniper," he spoke to his horse. At the same time he left the saddle and made his way to the boy, who had taken without a sound when the string tightened about his body.

"It's all right, feller," Johnny soothed as he approached the thoroughly frightened youngster, who had been cowering by the fall. "I only want to help you."

"Fine way of showing it!" came the voice, in answer, and Johnny stopped.

His prisoner was a girl!

"Let me go!" the girl's husky voice demanded. It was not a plea. There were no tears in her voice. It was pure defiance.

"Why, I can't let you go," Johnny said. "You've been blinded, somehow, and you're lost. How can I let you go?"

"Nobody asked you to hurt in here," the girl exclaimed as he lifted her. "Put me down and go away."

"You need looking after," he told her. "Look, I'll take you down to the ranch and as get a doctor. As soon as you're okay, why, you can ride."

"Don't you dare!" the girl cried. "Let me go!"

"Tall me where you belong then, and I'll go."

"That's none of your business," she snapped. "The greatest favour you can do me is to ride on and leave me here."

"You got a horse somewhere around?" Johnny asked, pulling the girl on her feet and loosening the lariat.

"Yes—but I—I lost him when he threw me."

He looked at the girl then. There was a bruise at the side of her head, on the temple, and a cut back of the ear.

"So that's how you were blinded," he said. "Your horse threw you. If you promise not to run away I'll see if I can find him."

"I'll stay here," she said.

He found the bandaged mount a quarter of a mile up the mountain.

"Climbed into a badger hole, I reckon," the cowboy said. "Well, you can't do much travelling, either."

When he returned the girl was standing where he had left her.

"Your horse is home," he said.

"Probably be all right, though, in four-five days. So you come on down to the ranch and we'll see what we can do about them eyes, and also care your horse."

"I can't. I've got to—to go. I can't stay—anywhere," she replied, and now the tears were close.

"That don't make sense," Johnny insisted. "You won't let me take you to where you've got to go, and you won't stay here. Your horse can't travel. Maybe you know what you're doing, but damned if I do."

"I can take care of myself," she half-whispered. "You ride on away and leave me with my horse."

"And let you die here in these dang mountains alone, or worse yet, get into the hands of some of these rough guys that ride the hills? Sorry, but no can do, lady. Here!"

HE picked her up and placed her in his saddle, though she squirmed and kicked and protested vocally. Then he took the lame horse's reins, leaped up behind the girl, holding her in the saddle. She was dropping now and sobbing. Johnny said nothing. But he knew she was a game little kid.

"Where are we going?" the girl asked after a while.

"Down to where left of the Circle D," he answered. "Mine—dar a few days yet. I'm turning the house over to you till your eyes get all right and your horse can travel. I'll live in the bunkhouse."

"You—your won't—tell anyone I'm here? Promise that?"

"Shore, I promise," Johnny grinned. "And I'll hang to my word. But I think we ought to have a doctor examine your head. I finger—"

"No! Oh, no! Please—you promised!"

"All right, all right. I just mentioned it."

When he came to the ranch, he led her into the cabin and found a place for her to lie down. Then he put up the horse and returned to cook some dinner.

"I got to go here in some time after dinner," he said. "While I'm gone you can get acquainted with the cabin."

"Do you have to go away?" she asked, and there was terror in her voice.

Johnny didn't answer right away.

"Why, no," he said after a moment.

"I guess I can choose in them eyes 'most any time."

"I—I'm afraid—in stay here alone. Some—somebody might come in."

He didn't mention that every moment was valuable to him, but he stayed around the place. He had to find a hundred head of stock within ten days, and he was not at all sure he could find that many. But he figured that if he found even eighty-five or ninety he could stave off the foreclosure. Yet he didn't want to worry the girl about that.

He washed the gashes, the girl trying to help dry them and bandage them. She apologized, but never once complained about her blindness.

"Dearest little kid I ever saw," he said to himself afterwards as he



"The peanuts I'm working for . . . could you salt them a little?"

want about his chores. "But I'd like to know who she is."

She kept her lips compressed tightly, though, offering no information, steadily refusing to give him the slightest inkling of her identity or where she was headed for.

"But," she said, "you can call me Jackie. My name's Jacqueline."
"And you can call me Johnny," the cowhand said. "I'm Johnny Decker."

He finally induced her to let him look at her brown hair. Her face was becoming black and blue. He handed her the put and doped it with liniment, and though he knew it hurt, she uttered no word during the operation.

After supper that evening, Johnny prepared to go to bed.

"Here's my gun," he said, "I'm going to the bunkhouse. If you need me for anything—or if you get scared—shoot to the ceiling twice. I'll come running."

"Is this the only gun you have?" she asked, lips trembling a little.

"Yes. And I never have much use for that one even," he answered.

"Keep it there," she said, passing it back. "I—I have my own."

CURT NEWSOMER, rider for Joe Kane's Triple K outfit, rode on the next day for a chat Johnny was at the corral.

"Hear about the bank holdup?" Curt asked him.

"No. Which one?"

"Hell! How many banks you think we got? I'm talking about Joe Musgrove's Bank of Turn-a-hum, of course. It was held up yesterday morning by seven men. They call 'em the Red-Button gang, because they wear black masks decorated up

with two red buttons for holding the string they tie behind their heads. Got about fifteen thousand, Joe says."

"Huang!" muttered Johnny. Now Joe will foreclose on me."

"Says which?"

"Just grants' to me!" Johnny grinned.

"Katherine said to tell you she's be over tomorrow to clean up your shack—your lucky barn," Curt grinned.

"Well! Look, Curt, you tell her I—uh—tell her not to bother. I—uh—I got to be heading in some cows and—uh—a feller—an old prospector friend of mine is going to be staying in the cabin. Tell her to wait a few days. Will I see her. Will you?"

"Sure," answered the cowhand. "I guess it ain't very important about cleaning your shack, anyway."

He rode out then, and Johnny began to worry for fear the girl he was engaged to marry would come over, anyway, and find Jackie there. And he had promised Jackie nobody would learn about her staying with him. Katherine Kane was mighty headstrong, and it would be exactly like her to ride over now, just to see who the prospector was. Johnny gave himself a good howling out for not being able to think of a better story.

If it had not been for Katherine Kane, Johnny Decker would very likely not have been worrying so much about his mortgage. But Pete Warner, the richest cattlemen in the valley, also wanted Katherine—and he controlled the Bank of Turn-a-hum. Pete knew, too, that if Johnny lost his spread, Katherine probably would not marry him, for she was that kind of a girl.

The Bank of Turn-a-hum was not hard put for money. Things were good, and there was wealth back of the bank. It was Pete Warner who was responsible for paying him, Johnny knew. And he also had no notion that Pete knew where a lot of Circle D cows could be found, if he only wanted to sell.

But Katherine Kane did not appear at the Circle D during the next few days, and Johnny began to breathe easier. Then, four days after Jackie had taken up her home in his cabin, two hard-looking he-men rode up to the corral where Johnny was putting a horse, and demanded to know where a girl riding a roan horse was—a small girl with sandy-colored hair and blue eyes.

"I haven't the slightest idea," Johnny answered. "How should I know?"

"We saw her horse in your barn," one of the men said. "We been watchin' yuh for two days, and we saw the girl, too. We want her."

Johnny didn't like their looks a little bit. Certainly he would not entrust Jackie to them under any circumstance.

"She ain't here," he said. "I found that roan horse all right, but nobody was riding him. He'd gone home."

The second man growled with impatience. "Are you fakin' with the damn jig?" he asked. "She's a gal rider. Let's take him, then get the gal."

Johnny, watching the killer eyes of the second man, knew he was going to see gun, and his hand flashed up downward. His bullet was a split second ahead of the gunman's slug, which dented his shirt as it whistled past.

The first man was slinging lead now, but Johnny had turned and was firing, too. His third bullet went home. Johnny took one in the fleshy part of the left arm. But both gunmen were on the ground.

The cowhand examined the two men. Both were dead. Johnny wondered how he had done it without being killed himself.

"Might have been because I was in the right," he commented very solemnly.

He carried the bodies of the gunmen to the washbasin and placed them inside. Then he unspadded their mounts and turned them into the pasture. But he was more puzzled than ever by it all.

He would ride into town in the morning, he knew, and tell the sheriff about having had to kill the two strangers. But he would leave the girl out of it.

He handed her a scrip. It was not serious. For the bullet had merely gone through the flesh. Then he went up to cook supper for Jackie.

"Who was that ghastly?" Jackie wanted to know as he slipped her into the cabin.

"I had to kill a couple of crooks, was all," he lied. "Got 'em around here." And when the girl said nothing more, he asked: "You reckon you will be all right for a couple of days tomorrow if I ride into town? I got to get some supplies."

"And have your wound dressed."



"Not that it makes any difference, but what's the news?"

Jackie added, "Do coyotes carry guns in this country?"

Johnny grinned. "Some of 'em do," he answered, wondering how much she heard of his talk with the man.

JOHNNY rode out early the following morning, and Jackie locked the door.

Johnny saw Sheriff Jackson in Tully's livery and told his story.

"Couple of hard hombres saw a stray horse I found—horse wasn't a saddle, I having the animal in and was keeping him for the owner. These two rogues demanded him, but before I could explain, one of 'em drew his gun and I had to snap a cap at him. Then the other tried the same thing, so—" He shrugged.

"Better go get your arm doctor-ed," the lawman said. "By that time I'll be ready to ride out with you."

Johnny went over to Doc Vothsen's office, had his arm bandaged, and was assured that it would be painful for a few days and maybe a little stiff, but that no permanent damage had been done.

Meanwhile, Katherine Kane decided she would pay a visit to Johnny's cabin. She had begun to be a little curious about that old prospector Johnny had spoken of.

When she rode up to the house and saw a small figure inside, her eyes narrowed and her lips compressed. She was immediately angry and jealous.

Jackie refused to answer her knock, and Katherine turned away in a rage. She spurred her mount viciously, and rode in the direction of Pete Warner's spread.

The banker woman was in the big house, and he greeted the girl warmly.

"Pete," she said, red-eyed, "you said you'd be waiting whenever I—made up my mind about you. Well, I—I'm sorry you today. If you want me—"

"Wait just! My God!" said Pete Warner. "Wait till I get a horse saddled!"

They did not pass Johnny and the sheriff as they rode into town to get married, because those two rascals had already reached the Circle D.

The sheriff looked over the man Johnny had shot, and checked his wanted list.

He grunted, finally, and said, "Poker Hussy and Jukes Dillrow. Hired Wanted in top states. Dunes about any reward, but I'll let you know. They're bank robbers, and belong to the Red-Button Gang. Well, Johnny, them fellows helped hold up the Bank of Tully—him the other day. You done a good job."

The lawman borrowed a horse, lashed the bodies on it, and rode away.

Johnny went up to the house then to tell Jackie he was back, but the girl did not answer his

call. The door was open. He looked through the cabin and outside, but the girl was nowhere to be found.

Frightened at what might have happened to her, the cowboy got hold of himself and took her trail. She had started out on foot to get away, he saw. He followed her tracks for a mile up the mountain and almost fell into the same gulch that Jackie had stumbled into in her blindness. She was lying face down, her head pillowed on a rock. She was unconscious.

Johnny picked up the stiff form and hurried back down to the cabin. He placed the unconscious girl on the bed and proceeded to treat some water and treat her head wounds. The gash in her head was bleeding still.

"Same spot, and a hell of a tumble," the cowboy muttered. "Poor little kid. Something must have scared her."

He bandaged her head, placed a wet cloth over her eyes, and went out in the cupboard was a pint of whiskey. He got it and forced a teaspoonful between her lips. She choked, spluttered, and stirred.

"What happened?" she asked, dully.

"You fell," Johnny told her. "Now be quiet for a while. You got a bad bump again. I'll be back."

"Somebody came and knocked and talked and, I think, looked into the window. I'm sure they saw me.



-GHWHITE-

"Planned to meet you, Jones . . . now, where is this body you called us about?"

It was a woman—I could tell by the way she walked. As soon as she left, I tried to run away and hide. But—

"Well, I won't leave the place any more, little fellow," Johnny said, putting her shoulder. He had forgotten all about gathering that hard.

He went outside to see his horse and do some chores. Curt Newcomb rode in shortly.

"Hi, Johnny. Got a note for yah," Newcomb said. He handed it to him, said a few words, then spumed away.

Johnny unfolded the note from Katherine Kane. It read:

Johnny:
I saw your "proprietor" through the window. Did you mean gold-digger? I wish you well. You might have told me, you know.
I leave the honour to sign myself,

Mrs. Peter Warner.

Johnny gulped. Katherine had married Pete Warner! But somehow it failed to sadden him. In fact, though he couldn't explain it, he was very much pleased. And he had thought he couldn't get along without Katherine Kane! He was guessing when he went into the house to prepare supper.

As soon as he stepped inside the house, Jackie called, and there was a new lilt in her voice. "Johnny! Do you know what happened? I am sure!"

The cowboy ran to her side. "Gosh!" he said. "That tramp in the same spot must have removed the nerve pressure. It worries that way sometimes. Gee, that's swell!"

It was a happy supper that night. Johnny insisted that Jackie use her eyes only for a few minutes though.

"Your horse is about well again too," he told her as he washed the dishes. "So you're all set." But he was not any too enthusiastic.

"Yes," she said. "And I guess I must go. I—ye'll wonder what became of me."

"Sure! You got to go, of course," Johnny said.

"You—won't try to follow me?"

"No. Not if that's what you want."

The girl stared at him for a moment. "Johnny Decker, I think you are the proudest man I ever knew," she said impulsively.

THEY shook hands like a couple of cowhands next morning, and Jackie rode out, her eyes as well as ever, and very, very bright. Johnny had three days left in which to gather sixty head of cattle.

He hadn't told Jackie of his predicament, and, of course, she had no way of knowing that he had sacrificed his ranch in order to protect her. He rode into the hills immediately after the girl's departure, and so when Katherine Warner rode up she failed to find him for the second time.

Katherine wanted to see Johnny suffering over her marrying Warner. And she wanted to see him when she told him how she despised him now. She wanted to hear him say how sorry he was to lose her. Most of all, she wanted to know who that girl was. She knock-

Her lack of smiles . . .

daped the comedians

THERE are some people without a sense of humor and few things can make them laugh. They are known as "sourpusses." Then there were Basile Kodian and Ned Sparks, who were comedians who never smiled. They were known as "deadpans." But there was one woman who would not smile at any joke, because she could not. It was during the summer months of 1903, Hutchinson's Victoria Theatre on Broadway, New York, exhibited this woman during intermissions. They called her "Siber Sue" and offered 1000 dollars in cash to anyone in the audience who could make her laugh. Only her agent knew that it was impossible to do so because her facial muscles were paralyzed, so that the offer was a safe one. When some could make her laugh, the theatre challenged New York's leading comedians to bring even a smile to Siber Sue's lip. Many of the comedians accepted, each being confident of his ability to succeed and each wanting the 1000 dollars as well as the publicity they would gain by succeeding where the others failed. Chagrined by their failures and determined to make good, the comedians increased their efforts and made Sue's act a great success. The theatre was packed nightly to see the comedians in action and it was some time before the comedians realized that the joke was on them—they were giving away hundreds of pounds' worth of their valuable talent. Thus did the management feature the best talent at the cheapest cost—nothing!

ed at the door, tried the knob and went inside.

"Maybe the hussy left something by which she can be identified," she muttered. "Probably a dancehall card."

She searched the house and finally her hunt was rewarded.

"But" she said, and went out to her horse. Again she was angry. Johnny had doubtless ridden out with that girl. They were together, and Johnny wasn't mourning about losing her at all. Well, she'd make him mourn. She rode straight into town.

Sheriff Jackson greeted her pleasantly and wondered why she gave him the information she did, but kept a poker face.

"I never figured Johnny for a hardist," the lawman said. "But, yeah, I do know he needed some money to take care of his mortgage. I'll take a pecker over there right away."

Nobody was at the Circle D, and the lawman found the post-hogon mark just where Katherine said it would be. He also caught up the hangers the two outlaws had ridden to Circle D, and checked their boots with the tracks made by the mounts ridden by the bandit gang.

It was possible, he thought, that Johnny was with the gang. He might have led about having to kill them two papers. It wasn't very reasonable to suppose two fellows would start shooting him over a lame horse.

He waited until Johnny rode in, then arrested him. He took him to Tum-a-lum and placed him in a cell.

The news soon spread that Johnny Decker had been riding with the bandit gang that robbed Ben Mangrove, and that Johnny had killed two of the men for their share of the loot. A mob and two of

the outlaws' horses had been found in Johnny's pasture, the reports had it, and their tracks matched those of the mounts ridden by the robbers. It was a first class case of circumstantial evidence. Johnny's trial was rushed.

Johnny knew that in some manner Jackie had been connected with the gang that had robbed the Tum-a-lum Bank, though he was certain the girl was innocent of any wrongdoing. But he never mentioned her to the sheriff.

His lawyer was Toby Miller, who was not such a bad attorney when he was sober. But the prosecutor was out to make a record.

Johnny had no defense. He had been out in the hills on the day of the robbery, and had met no one, except the blind girl. And, even if he had wanted to, he couldn't bring her into the case. He didn't know where she could be found.

The circumstantial evidence was introduced, and the sheriff testified, naming Katherine Warner's name, of course. What with the mark, the sheriff's story, and the two outlaw horses, the jury appeared to be pretty well convinced that Johnny was guilty. The prosecuting attorney tore down heavily.

For himself, Johnny could say little, except that he had been in the hills all that day, had found a lame, saddle horse and had taken it to his ranch. Two men, later identified as two of the bandit band, had come for the horse and had shot at him. He had had no choice but to kill them.

The prosecutor jumped on to Johnny's story with both feet. "We have here," he thundered, "an ordinary coward, according to his own statement, not a gunman. Yet he has the nerve to tell you, gentlemen of the jury, that he withdrew and killed two of the fastest

gun-shoppers in the country. I ask you if that sounds reasonable. And what because of the lame horse or anything? Nobody knows. It never was produced. Nor the saddle. If he turned that lame horse loose, why didn't he free the other two? Gentlemen of the jury, the man I ask is as guilty as hell."

Toke Miller wasn't feeling so good, due to the liquor he had imbibed the night before, but he defied on Johnny's behalf the strange mass of circumstances the prosecutor had worked into the picture. It was not enough Johnny Decker was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and the court immediately sentenced him to hang two weeks from the coming Friday.

IT WAS a severe shock to Johnny

He had been certain his story would be believed by thinking men. But the district attorney had built up a strong case, plausible as it was. Johnny felt that even if he had brought Jackson's name into it, nothing would have been gained, since she was not available. And without her testimony, his story would have fallen even flatter than the one upon which he stood.

He kept his nerve throughout the long days of waiting for the end. No one came to visit him, not even Katherine Warner, and all his former friends apparently believed the story the prosecutor had constructed.

Turn-a-lum began to fill up early on the morning of the scheduled hanging. Everybody in the county, it seemed, had come in to make a holiday of Johnny Decker's execution. Johnny could hear the extraordinary activity as horsebackers, buckboarders, and ranchsawyers stirred the dust of the streets.

The saloons did a rushing business, and Sheriff Jackson and his deputies were busy for twenty-four hours. For many of the citizens had come into town the night before. There were, too, a number of hard-eyed strangers milling with the local crowd. The news of the scheduled hanging and the story of the robbery and subsequent killings, had traveled far.

The gallows reared its sinuous bulk on the courthouse lawn. A shattered runway shielded the prisoner and the hangman—an important executioner—from the curious throngs surrounding the unfenced grounds. Before anyone was aware that the hanging was about to take place, the bound prisoner and the hangman suddenly appeared.

The blindfold was removed from Johnny Decker's eyes at his request so he could have a last look at the world he was leaving—and at the people who were making a gala event of his death. At the gesture, a sudden silence fell like a pall upon the staring crowd.

"You may say anything you wish," the executioner whispered, but Johnny searching for his former friends in the swart audience, shook his head.

The hangman had started to remove the blindfold when a blast of gunfire, yells and the clatter of wild shots caused him to glance below.

The crowd parted, screaming and cursing, and into the courtyard hurled a dozen of more masked men, guns in hand. All but one whirled their horses, forming a hollow square, and trained their guns on the spectators. The leader sent his horse hurtling to the side of the scaffold, and jumped on to his platform. He grabbed the noose of Johnny's neck and poked it into the hangman's ribs.

"We're taking this man," he snarled. "The first one of you bombers making a false move gets blasted down."

The gunman's eyes roved the crowd. Then with a sudden move he gave the hangman a quick shove. The man fell off the scaffold to the ground, squawled, found he had a broken leg, and collapsed again, groaning.

The horsebacker then grabbed Johnny, pulled him on to the horse beside the platform, and mounted behind him. He whirled, and the other gunman forced a pathway to the street, down which he tore.

The other masked man started to follow their leader when a burst of gunfire ripped from the courthouse windows. One gunman sagged, but stayed in the saddle. Then all went racing away.

Down the street another gun crashed, and Johnny Decker's carcass whirled. A deputy sheriff had fired from a saloon window.

Johnny, still bound, tried to support the man in the saddle. Instead, he was pulled to the ground with him.

Clattering along behind, the other gunman, seeing their leader tumble out of the saddle, went tearing ahead. For the sheriff had by this time run from the courthouse with his deputies, and they were all starting in pursuit. The masked man, having no stomach for fighting it out now that their leader was dead, continued their flight.

More than a hundred men had joined the sheriff's posse and were chasing the fleeing man. Sheriff Jackson, meanwhile, stopped to examine the shot man and recapture his prisoner.

Johnny had been stunned, but was otherwise unhurt. The masked rider was dead, the bullet having passed through his back and into his heart.

Jackson removed the mask and stared in amazement.

"My god! It's Red Marbury!" he ejaculated.

"And who the hell's Red Marbury?" someone asked.

"Leader of the Red-Button gang," Jackson answered.

Johnny answered: "Decker's gun was fired to stage a rescue. Good work, Nick," he grinned at the deputy who had shot the outlaw.

"This ain't gonna stop the hangar!" it is, Sheriff!" another asked.

"Shore not," Jackson replied. "The hangman's got a broken leg, but I reckon we'll make out."

SHERIFF JACKSON lifted his eyes then. A lone rider had come dashing wildly toward the crowd surrounding the dead outlaw. It was a girl dressed in boy's clothes. She skidded her mount to a stop, leapt from the saddle and ran over to the body of the bearded executioner.

"Daddy!" she sobbed.

Some of the men in the crowd removed their hats. The sheriff asked gently, "Is your father, girl?"

Nickie, the girl whom Johnny Decker had befriended, nodded then saw him as he tried to sit up.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Are you— all right?"

"If you hurry . . . we'll be able to catch the early show."

(Continued page 31)





"You play beautifully, Herbert!"



... the dotted line

It was not just a case of signing the contract on the dotted line. There was tough competition — with guns and gals.

FICTION • By LESTER WAY.

STEVE MOORE had his desk here, with one end against the wall. He had drawn a line on the white plaster, and was practicing table-tennis, hitting the line with the ball twice out of three.

His typiste came into the room, closed the door, and stood close to the desk watching him. He raised the line, and she shot out her hand, and caught the ball.

"If you don't go to the board-room, they'll all explode," she said. "I've been in there, and they want to know where you are; they've been waiting for you for fifteen minutes."

Steve took the ball from her, put ball and bat in a drawer, wiped sweat from his face, and sat down.

"They need more exercise than they get," he said. "It's good for the blood pressure."

"Mr. Cotton's lips are pressed so tight together it'll take a two-lever to pry them apart," Nita said. "He's trying to keep calm, doodling faster than I can write short-hand. In the thirty seconds I was there he filled two sheets of scribbling-pad."

"As long as L.P. can doodle, he's safe," Steve said. "How is Bureau today?"

"He's the colour of a red brother-in-law. His cheeks are pulled out ready to pop, and his glasses have started to melt. He'd wring your neck if you weren't so big. And Leonard Parks is sitting still, looking like doomsday getting ready to crash."

"And his blonde stenographer? Is she something in there, or is she outside pretending to work?"

"She's sitting right behind him," Nita said. "She's got her note-book on her knee."

Steve grinned, and lit a cigarette, and slouched back in his swivel-chair. "They know I'm busy," he said, "but I'll snatch a few minutes for their conference. Did you do that letter? Have you got the Emmett contract typed?"

The girl nodded. "I did them while you were punching the wall with that little ball pit."

"Good! Bring them, and I'll fix them up before I go to the lion's den."

Nita went out. The door announced the name of Steve Moore in gold lettering, with the added information that he was Sales Manager. It

didn't announce the fact that he was one of the largest share-holders in the engineering concern, but all the clerks knew, they smiled cynically when they read those gold letters.

They also smiled when they looked at Steve's personal cypher, but not cynically. Nita Turner had black hair that gleamed, and a heart-shaped face, and large brown eyes with lashes of heavy jet. She was the final answer to the challenge of the blonde.

She came back and laid papers on the desk in front of Steve, her vivid mouth wore a smile of affectionate amusement, but her eyes were serious.

Steve read the letter she had typed, and signed it. He glanced down the typed contract, filled in a blank with figures, turned up a page with the dotted lines on it, and signed on one dotted line.

"Watch," he said, and watched the line of Nita's perfect neck as she bent over the papers, and witnessed his signature.

He folded the letter, put it in an envelope, sealed the envelope, and handed it to Nita. He folded the contract, put it in a long envelope, but didn't seal it. Nita took it from him.

"You know what to do with them," he said. "Do it now, while they're all in the board-room."

"You'd better go in there," she said. "If you don't, the explosion will wreck the office."

Steve put out his chair, and put on his coat loosely. He was tall, and loose-limbed, and athletic. He had brown, untidy hair, and eyebrows that came down from his temples like exclamation-points, drawing attention to his sky-blue eyes. His nostrils were wide, his chin was firm and looked hard to hurt, but his mouth wore a careless, smiling expression as he put one arm around Nita, gave her a half-hearted squeeze, and then murmured to the board-room.

He knocked on the door. Miss Lee Anson opened the door, and signed with relief.

He went into the board-room where three pairs of accusing eyes stared him. L. P. Cotton was managing director, sixty years old, spare and long-necked. His eyes were gray, and intelligent, and disapproving, as they watched Steve enter. Pen-

ney Betson was the general manager of the firm. He was fat and apoplectic. His cheeks and complexion were as Nita had described them. His nose was broad and round, and he made noise through it as he breathed. Leonard Parks was the secretary of the company. He had a primly precise mouth, and a long thin nose, and small eyes magnified by thick glasses. Lee Anson went to her chair behind Parks, and crossed her legs.

Benson said, "You impudent, irresponsible dandy!"

Benson had lit the fuse; the bomb was going to explode, but L. P. Cotton snuffed it out. "Leave this to me, Benson! I'm responsible to the directors, and I'll handle it!"

"Then you'd better tell me what's got you steamed up," Steve suggested.

"The Emmett contract!" Cotton snapped. "Emmett's got his factory-building nearly completed, he's almost ready for the machinery, and he's been trying for a month to get a quote from us for the equipment. And we've been putting it to you!"

They were sitting around a big desk, but none of them asked Steve to sit down. Steve went to the desk, drew an ash-tray from the centre, and tapped the ash off his cigarette.

"Correct," he murmured.

"You keep telling us you've got the matter in hand, Steve, but Emmett hasn't received our quote!"

"The matter is still in hand," Steve said.

"You've gone to sleep on the job! Emmett is on the point of signing a contract with Scheffer!"

"That's right," Steve agreed easily. "Scheffer has spent more time at Emmett's office than Emmett's office boy."

Cotton's spare body was stretched as tight as a bow-string. His lips were ash-white from the pressure he'd been putting on them. He leaned over the desk, straining his long neck toward Steve.

"We want to know why you have not sent a quote to Emmett?"

"Because I want the contract for this firm," Steve shrugged, "and at a price that will pay us Scheffer is representing a German firm that is driving for export orders at all costs. No matter what price we quote for this equipment, Scheffer



will cut under it. He'll cut under it, if he gets a chance."

"So you didn't give him a chance?" Parks burst in, sneering. "You refused to quote a price at all, and Schaefer didn't need to cut under anything."

"Damn it, Steve!" Benson spluttered. "Ernest has already got Schaefer's quote. He's notified us that he'll sign with Schaefer tomorrow if —"

"He lied, then. He's planning to sign tonight. He's going to a party at the Sylvan Night Club with Schaefer, and they're planning to fixed it up between drinks." Steve stubbed out his cigarette, and looked around the desk at each of them in turn.

HE SAW their anger rise, but his statement held them silent for a moment. Leonard Parks gave a little start of surprise, and blushed hard. Lee Anson narrowed her lips, and gripped her pencil as if she expected to be given a letter.

Parks said, "Mr. Ernest has been on the phone twice this afternoon, asking for our price. We've still got a chance, Steve. Have you worked out the estimate yet? Have you got our quote ready?"

"Not yet," Steve said lightly, "but I'll have it by tonight."

"You haven't got it yet!" Benson bellowed. "It's three o'clock now! If you'll have it by tonight, you can give it to us now!"

"Now isn't tonight," Steve corrected, smiling at Benson's flustered face. "I said I'd have it by tonight."

Mr. Cotton had picked up his pencil and had started doodling nervously. He threw the pencil down suddenly, with decision. He said, "You don't seem to understand, Steve. This contract means something like half a million pounds to this firm. I have to warn you that all your fooling in this company won't save you if we lose this ask through your negligence!"

"Oh, you don't need to worry about that," Steve said easily. "We will get the contract."

"How will we get it?" Benson grated the words between gnashing teeth.

Parks tapped the desk, commanding attention. He said, "Ernest wants a call from me before five o'clock, giving him a firm quote. I promised it, Steve!"

"So sorry," Steve said. "No can do. Anyway, you're behind the times. Mr. Parks, Ernest isn't expecting a call from you; he knows

he'll get our price at the Sylvan tonight."

"But you just told us he's going there with Schaefer!"

"Yeah!" Steve grinned broadly at them. "But I'll take him away from Schaefer. I know Ernest's weakness, and I told him I'll be there with an extra girl. I told him I'd have the most beautiful blonde in the Southern Hemisphere, and she'd be looking for a partner. I told him I'd also whisper our price in his ear."

"Your idea of a beautiful girl may not be Ernest's idea," Cotton said. Steve held his smile. He went around the desk to Lee Anson. He lifted her chin in his hand, and smiled into her face. He took her hand, led her to the end of the desk where they could all see her.

"That's every man's idea of beauty!" he said. "Don't you agree?"

Benson cowered under his breath. Cotton began rapping his fingers on the desk impatiently. Leonard Parks got to his feet, spitting with anger.

"Half a million pounds!" he raved. "and you're playing with it, using it as counters in a game of —" "Sit down, Parks!" Steve ordered, suddenly harsh. "I know Ernest! I know that Lee will draw him to my table as sure as your denture is

You are all in this . . .

Name all Australia's Prime Ministers

OF course, few could name every Prime Minister Australia has had and we don't condemn you if you can't. Here is the list: Edmund Barton, 1901-1913; Alfred Deakin, 1913-1914; J. C. Watson, 1914-1915; J. H. Reid, 1915-1916; Alfred Deakin, 1916-1917; Andrew Fisher, 1917-1918; Alfred Deakin, 1918-1919; Andrew Fisher, 1919-1920; Joseph Cook, 1920-1921; Andrew Fisher, 1921-1922; W. M. Hughes, 1922-1923; Joseph Cook, 1923-1924; Andrew Fisher, 1924-1925; W. M. Hughes, 1925-1926; J. H. Reid, 1926-1927; J. H. Reid, 1927-1928; J. H. Reid, 1928-1929; J. H. Reid, 1929-1930; J. H. Reid, 1930-1931; J. H. Reid, 1931-1932; J. H. Reid, 1932-1933; J. H. Reid, 1933-1934; J. H. Reid, 1934-1935; J. H. Reid, 1935-1936; J. H. Reid, 1936-1937; J. H. Reid, 1937-1938; J. H. Reid, 1938-1939; J. H. Reid, 1939-1940; J. H. Reid, 1940-1941; J. H. Reid, 1941-1942; J. H. Reid, 1942-1943; J. H. Reid, 1943-1944; J. H. Reid, 1944-1945; J. H. Reid, 1945-1946; J. H. Reid, 1946-1947; J. H. Reid, 1947-1948; J. H. Reid, 1948-1949; J. H. Reid, 1949-1950; J. H. Reid, 1950-1951; J. H. Reid, 1951-1952; J. H. Reid, 1952-1953; J. H. Reid, 1953-1954; J. H. Reid, 1954-1955; J. H. Reid, 1955-1956; J. H. Reid, 1956-1957; J. H. Reid, 1957-1958; J. H. Reid, 1958-1959; J. H. Reid, 1959-1960; J. H. Reid, 1960-1961; J. H. Reid, 1961-1962; J. H. Reid, 1962-1963; J. H. Reid, 1963-1964; J. H. Reid, 1964-1965; J. H. Reid, 1965-1966; J. H. Reid, 1966-1967; J. H. Reid, 1967-1968; J. H. Reid, 1968-1969; J. H. Reid, 1969-1970; J. H. Reid, 1970-1971; J. H. Reid, 1971-1972; J. H. Reid, 1972-1973; J. H. Reid, 1973-1974; J. H. Reid, 1974-1975; J. H. Reid, 1975-1976; J. H. Reid, 1976-1977; J. H. Reid, 1977-1978; J. H. Reid, 1978-1979; J. H. Reid, 1979-1980; J. H. Reid, 1980-1981; J. H. Reid, 1981-1982; J. H. Reid, 1982-1983; J. H. Reid, 1983-1984; J. H. Reid, 1984-1985; J. H. Reid, 1985-1986; J. H. Reid, 1986-1987; J. H. Reid, 1987-1988; J. H. Reid, 1988-1989; J. H. Reid, 1989-1990; J. H. Reid, 1990-1991; J. H. Reid, 1991-1992; J. H. Reid, 1992-1993; J. H. Reid, 1993-1994; J. H. Reid, 1994-1995; J. H. Reid, 1995-1996; J. H. Reid, 1996-1997; J. H. Reid, 1997-1998; J. H. Reid, 1998-1999; J. H. Reid, 1999-2000; J. H. Reid, 2000-2001; J. H. Reid, 2001-2002; J. H. Reid, 2002-2003; J. H. Reid, 2003-2004; J. H. Reid, 2004-2005; J. H. Reid, 2005-2006; J. H. Reid, 2006-2007; J. H. Reid, 2007-2008; J. H. Reid, 2008-2009; J. H. Reid, 2009-2010; J. H. Reid, 2010-2011; J. H. Reid, 2011-2012; J. H. Reid, 2012-2013; J. H. Reid, 2013-2014; J. H. Reid, 2014-2015; J. H. Reid, 2015-2016; J. H. Reid, 2016-2017; J. H. Reid, 2017-2018; J. H. Reid, 2018-2019; J. H. Reid, 2019-2020; J. H. Reid, 2020-2021; J. H. Reid, 2021-2022; J. H. Reid, 2022-2023; J. H. Reid, 2023-2024; J. H. Reid, 2024-2025; J. H. Reid, 2025-2026; J. H. Reid, 2026-2027; J. H. Reid, 2027-2028; J. H. Reid, 2028-2029; J. H. Reid, 2029-2030; J. H. Reid, 2030-2031; J. H. Reid, 2031-2032; J. H. Reid, 2032-2033; J. H. Reid, 2033-2034; J. H. Reid, 2034-2035; J. H. Reid, 2035-2036; J. H. Reid, 2036-2037; J. H. Reid, 2037-2038; J. H. Reid, 2038-2039; J. H. Reid, 2039-2040; J. H. Reid, 2040-2041; J. H. Reid, 2041-2042; J. H. Reid, 2042-2043; J. H. Reid, 2043-2044; J. H. Reid, 2044-2045; J. H. Reid, 2045-2046; J. H. Reid, 2046-2047; J. H. Reid, 2047-2048; J. H. Reid, 2048-2049; J. H. Reid, 2049-2050; J. H. Reid, 2050-2051; J. H. Reid, 2051-2052; J. H. Reid, 2052-2053; J. H. Reid, 2053-2054; J. H. Reid, 2054-2055; J. H. Reid, 2055-2056; J. H. Reid, 2056-2057; J. H. Reid, 2057-2058; J. H. Reid, 2058-2059; J. H. Reid, 2059-2060; J. H. Reid, 2060-2061; J. H. Reid, 2061-2062; J. H. Reid, 2062-2063; J. H. Reid, 2063-2064; J. H. Reid, 2064-2065; J. H. Reid, 2065-2066; J. H. Reid, 2066-2067; J. H. Reid, 2067-2068; J. H. Reid, 2068-2069; J. H. Reid, 2069-2070; J. H. Reid, 2070-2071; J. H. Reid, 2071-2072; J. H. Reid, 2072-2073; J. H. Reid, 2073-2074; J. H. Reid, 2074-2075; J. H. Reid, 2075-2076; J. H. Reid, 2076-2077; J. H. 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running now! And I'll get his signature on that contract!"

"I promised to give Remmitt our price this afternoon!" Parks shouted. "I gave him my word!"

"You had no business to give it! You've been interfering in my department too much, and I won't like any more of it! I'm sales manager of this company, and—"

L. P. Cotton's controlled voice broke in on the exchange. "How about Miss Ansont? Will she go to the Sylvan Night Club with you?"

Steve was still holding her hand, feeling his muscles go taut as Parks roared, then relax when Cotton intervened. He looked at her face. It was oval, her hair was golden-blond, her lips were very dull and generously curved.

"Will you go to the Sylvan with me tonight, for the sake of the firm?" Steve asked.

"I suppose so," she smiled. Cotton stood up and leaned forward, fixing his grey eyes on Steve. "You seem very sure of yourself. I hope you aren't bluffing!"

"I told you I'll get the contract signed tonight! That's a pledge, Mr. Cotton!"

He went to the door. He turned, with his hand on the knob. "I'll pick you up around eight, Lee!"

He left the board-room, and closed the door on silence. He went to his own office, and Nita came to him, put her face near his and whispered, "Did you tell them about tonight?"

"I had to. It was bad enough holding out on the price."

"But you know Leonard Parks is in Schaeffer's pocket! He'll phone Schaeffer and tell him all our plans!"

"Yeah, I know; that's why I couldn't tell them what price I'm quoting. Schaeffer won't have a chance to stir his own bid."

He let himself into his chair. Nita leaned over him, her dark eyes sparkled and the jet lashes swung across him straight across them, narrowing them.

"Schaeffer will try to stop us," she said. "He brought two technicians with him from Germany,

but they look more like ex-88 men than like technicians!"

Steve smiled lazily up into her face. He said, "Blamming these men will be almost as much pleasure as keeping you. I always mix business with pleasure."

He pulled her head down, and kissed her.

"Since we're going to work tonight," he said, "let's go home now."

Nita went out and put on her coat. She picked up her handbag, and Steve took it, opened it, saw the two envelopes inside, and gave it back to her. They went to the car-park, and Steve drove to her Bondi flat.

HE LEFT her at the door, and drove home to his own place. He had plenty of time. He whistled while he shaved, and sang under the shower. He got out of the shower, put on a dressing-gown, and made tea. At seven o'clock, he started dressing. He got into his starched shirt and dinner-jacket, and opened the drawer containing his automatic. He lifted it in his hand, turned it over, then shook his head, and dropped it back into the drawer.

He got into his car, and drove to Kings Cross to pick up Lee. She opened the door to him, and she looked radiant.

He went into the flat, looked down into her face, and said, "I'd have added ten thousand pounds to the price of that contract, if I'd seen you first."

"You didn't forget to bring the contract, did you?"

"It's in my pocket," he said. "Give Remmitt a smile, and a whiff of that perfume, and he'll sign without reading it."

She shrugged a little pocket over her shoulder, and took Steve's arm, and they went to his car.

"I'm taking Nita as well," he said. "I promised Remmitt that the blonde would be his partner."

"Couldn't Nita be his partner?"

"Nita can't impersonate a blonde."

Tony! a business transaction.

Next time—

He drove through Paddington, and to Bondi, and stopped at Nita's place. He said, "Get into the back. Look! I'm going to make Nita take the wheel."

She got into the back and lit a cigarette. Steve went upstairs for Nita.

Nita's beauty was more vivid, more dynamic than Lee's. Nita wore a deep-red dress, which covered more than Lee's, but the perfection of her figure was there. Steve went to her, and took her in his arms, and kissed her.

She looked in the mirror, replaced the lip-stick, then carefully wiped Steve's mouth with her handkerchief. She took his arm, and they went out. As she closed the door, Steve asked, "Have you got the papers?"

"Of course. They're in my hand-bag. Do you want them?"

"No, I want you to keep them. You're going to drive the car, so keep your bag on your lap. If anything stops us, don't shut the engine off!"

"Why can't you drive the car?"

"Because, if Schaeffer is planning rough-stuff, I'll be the target. I want you in charge of the car; they're not worrying about you."

"And also, because you want to be with Lee Ansont?"

"Yes, I'll be in the back with Lee."

He smiled, and she tried to pout, but couldn't. Instead she got a dimple on her cheek, and then she said, "What a head you are! What a damned flexible head!"

They went down to the car, Nita



"I'll admit I've got faults . . . and the biggest one's sitting right there."



"I suggest you get out and learn to relax. Go dancing . . . not with her . . . join a social group . . ."

got behind the wheel, and greeted Lee as if she shared Lee's view. Steve sat beside the blonde. Nita started the car and steered for the Sylvan Night Club.

The Sylvan is one of the many night-clubs on the outskirts of the city. Nita drove for half an hour. They had to cross a river on a narrow bridge that had a speed-limit of fifteen-miles-an-hour. Nita obeyed it, and they crawled over the river.

The approach at the other end was narrow, and Steve saw a car standing there. It moved as they left the bridge, it tried to turn on the narrow approach, and stalled so as to block the road.

Nita stopped on the broken, threw the car out of gear, and waited for the other driver to move out of the way.

Steve knew what it meant, but he sat still with Lee's head on his shoulder. They waited for three seconds, and then one of Schaffer's technicians¹ pushed an automobile through the window of the car and covered Steve with it. His twin, known as Miller, appeared at the other window, killing Lee. Annan inspected the back of his gun.

Then were both large and heavily built. They both had the blank, unresponsive faces of men who are used to going violence under orders. Miller opened the door on his side, and ordered Steve and Lee to get out.

Lee got out, and Steve followed.

Miller kept them both under the snout of his gun while the other man came around the back of the car.

"I hold them, Karl," Miller growled. "You the other freeman."

Karl swung his gun toward Nita.

Miller was in front of Steve, with his gun pointed.

Then, as Karl turned to Nita, Steve sprang at him. He brought his fist down on the hand that held the gun, knocking it to the roadway. His fist came back, making an upper-cut that lifted Karl's chin higher than his nose.

Steve lunged to the side. His shoulder struck Miller, but Miller didn't press his trigger. He staggered away, getting his balance. The car that had stopped them was out of the way now; it was creeping toward them, leaving room to pass. Karl had fallen like a frozen carcass. Miller was bracing himself to charge, forgetting he had a gun, it seemed.

"Get away, Nita! Now's your chance!" Steve bawled.

Miller came at Steve, and rammed his gun into Steve's ribs. Nita's car darted forward, veered to avoid the other, then streaked into the night.

No gun was covering Lee, and no one was holding her. Karl was tumbling his way to his feet, and Miller had all his attention on Steve; but Lee stood still. She didn't try to clamber into the departing car, and she didn't run. She said nothing, but watched everything.

Karl groped on the roadway till he found the gun he had lost. A voice from the approaching car called, "I've got them! Bring them here!"

Miller grabbed Steve with his automatic, and Karl waved his gun vaguely at Lee. They went to the car. Schaffer was at the wheel, of course. He was scowling at Karl. His lips were red and shaky. His chin was small, and his nose was broad, and he had a porcine forehead over high cheekbones. When he scowled his fore-

head got narrower, and his nose broader.

They put Steve and Lee in the back, and the two men squeezed in beside them. Lee hadn't made a sound. Steve hadn't had time to look at her face, he didn't know if she was frightened, or angry, or merely enjoying the thrill.

But he was sitting beside her now, packed in. She was gazing straight ahead, at the back of Schaffer's neck as he drove.

Steve said, "You want to study that neck carefully, Lee. It is a typical Nazi neck, and it needs a probe to complete the picture. Schaffer had the rank of Captain in the U.S. Corps, you know."

A slight smile curled the girl's lips. Karl made a guttural sound in his throat and prodded the muzzle of his gun deeper into Steve's ribs.

Steve continued to talk to Lee. "They planned everything so neatly," Steve said. "They made inhuman machines out of men, and worked it out by mathematics exactly what these armed mobs could do to the other mobs; but they always forget to calculate what the other mobs would do to them."

Karl said something in German. Lee smiled again. Schaffer said, "Take it easy, Karl! Let him talk if he wants to; it's the last talking he'll be able to do for a few weeks."

They were travelling slowly along a rough track beside the river. There were head-sheds every few yards. They went a little further, and stopped alone to one of the head-sheds.

They all got out. Schaffer had been driving, so he had no gun on his hand. He opened the car-door, and ordered Karl to unlock the head-shed. Karl put his gun on his pocket, and went to the shed-door and fumbled for a key. He found the key and fitted it in the lock. Schaffer switched off his headlights.

It was suddenly so dark that none of them could see anything. The hinges of the shed-door screamed as it came open.

Steve sprang away from Miller's gun. His shoulder hit Schaffer, and Schaffer's body hit the open door of the car. The door slammed closed. Steve brought his hat up and lifted Schaffer off the ground, dropping him beside the car.

Miller's heavy tread came toward Steve, but it was dark, and Miller was uncertain of himself. Steve dodged along the side of the car. He tumbled into Lee, and she clutched at him. In the open cab, a match flared at Karl's hand, and lit Steve as Miller, who was wheezing slowly with his gun.

Steve slammed Miller on the side of the head. The lamp in the head-shed caught the match-flare, and the light became good. Miller was staggering, but still on his feet, as Steve measured another blow. He aimed it at Miller's jaw, and timed it perfectly.

Miller stopped moving. He crumpled like a deflated tyre.

In the head-shed, Karl had the

lamp sight, and he turned to beckon the other in. He saw Miller falling, saw Schaffer down. He charged at Steve. He charged head down. He got to close, and jerked on his head up. Steve stepped back. Karl's hand and chin went up high and tilted back, Steve upturned him.

Karl backed away, and rubbed again, and Steve released. The carting him stopped him. Karl aimed a kick at Steve's knee, and Steve dodged it. He sank his right fist into Karl's stomach, and smacked Karl's nose, and took a heavy blow on the side of his own head. Then he caught the German off balance. He hummed Karl, but Karl was tough. It took five of Steve's best blows to send the heavy ape down.

All three men were on the ground. Lee was in the background, and he was about to turn to make sure also wasn't hurt, when the report of a gun hit his spine.

"Stand still, just as you are, Steve!"

LEE'S VOICE was deep and husky; it vibrated against Steve's ears as a rule, but now it grated. Steve stood as he was. He said, "A successor to blonde Ilse, sir?"

Schaffer got up from the ground slowly. He had taken only one blow; he was the first to recover. He looked at Steve and Lee. Very deliberately he reached into his pocket, and brought out his own automatic. He came to Steve, stood in front of him with the automatic pressing on Steve's chest.

"You see," he said, "You underestimate me! You are beaten because you imagine we are bound by your silly business principles, but we use all methods in business."

"Yeah, I know! You planted her on Parks, and she brought Parks over. But you didn't get the Emmett contract!"

Miller came back to life. He looked for his gun, and found it in Lee's hand. He took it from her, and held it on Steve.

Schaffer said, "We haven't got the Emmett contract yet. That's why we brought you here tonight. You know, of course, that there is no one within half a mile of this boat-shed?"

There was a short jolly, with the boat-shed at its end. Water lapped the sides of the jolly, and Steve stood small, mad. It must be high tide, he decided.

There was no boat in the shed. There were some nets, and coils of rope, and some spare oars. There was a pile of folded sails on the floor near the door. Miller and Schaffer herded Steve into the shed. Lee followed, and stood in front of Steve, smiling her stare smile.

"You've still got time to change sides, Lee," Steve said. "You can see you're on the losing side while you stick with these daveicks."

Her smile didn't change.

Karl staggered into the place, but they didn't close the door. Schaffer

said, "You've got your firm's contract all ready for Emmett to sign, haven't you, Steve?"

"Yes, Mr. all ready, and Emmett will sign. He'll sign tonight."

The soft lips of Schaffer began to smile. It was the kind of smile only a sadist can produce. It was a sadistic smile that contemplates pleasure about to come. It went with ice-cold eyes, and a quivering chin, and a twitching forehead.

"We could search you and take the contract, of course," Schaffer said, "but I want you to hand it over."

"How thick, Lee? He wants me to hand it over! Why don't you laugh?"

"She is waiting for what is coming," Schaffer said. "You have given us too much trouble, Mr. Steve; I'll have to teach you a little lesson."

He put his gun in his pocket. Miller stood on one side of Steve, and Karl stood on the other side. Schaffer had taken a leather glove from his pocket. He was pulling it on to his left white hand. He was doing it slowly, smiling all the time. Then he moved closer to Steve, and continued to smile as he examined the bone-structure of Steve's face.

"You may as well put all your guns in your pockets," Steve told them. "You can't use them, and you know it. Miss saw you grab me, and she's miles away by now. If I'm shot, what chance have any of you got of ever seeing little-sweet-Deutchland again?"

"We won't need to shoot," Schaffer said. "We worked that out before we brought you here."

"Yeah, so did I," Steve said.

He had went out like an arrow, and beat Schaffer to the punch. Steve's blow caught Schaffer on the point of the chin, and sent him down.

Steve laughed. Karl looked at the gun in his hand. Miller looked at his gun. Their mouths twitched, and their trigger fingers trembled. Lee looked at them, "You damn

ape! Do you want us all to hang?"

"You'd better put them out of sight, boys," Steve advised. "You'll blow yourselves up to the gallews if you're not careful!"

He watched the two battles. Their master was mumbling to himself on the floor, rolling over on to his face. Their weapons were dear to them, but useless. The men the guns were intended to frighten was frightening them instead.

They exchanged heavy glances, then said something to each other in German. They put their guns swiftly in their pockets, and charged at Steve.

Karl used his fist, and it hit Steve's shoulder and drove him against the wall. Miller swung his head at Steve. Steve dodged the kick, and got a blow from Karl on the side of the head, and then Miller grappled with him.

Miller was strong, and Steve squirmed to get his arms free. Karl slammed him twice, and he felt the bone-deep spinning around him. Miller forced him on to the pile of sails. Steve sat on the covers, and waited for punishment.

But Schaffer had got to his feet. He pushed Karl and Miller away, and stood in front of Steve. He stood with the open door of the shed behind him, and light from the lamp falling on him, with Steve in front of him, helpless, while two apes strained to smash him.

Steve's head cleared, and he saw Schaffer unscrewing the leather over his knuckles. He saw the lamplight gleaming on black water behind Schaffer.

"Hold his arms!" Schaffer ordered. "Pin them, and hold them tight. I don't want to be interrupted again."

Karl seized Steve's right arm, and Miller got the other. Schaffer came closer, and methodically contemplated the face he was going to disfigure.

Steve put his weight back against the men holding him. He lifted his feet swiftly, placed them on



"WAIT!"



"My husband says she reminds him of me twenty years ago."

The Blonde



First the blonde vanished, then the corpse. And something told Brad he'd better find both, fast—or the next thing he'd lose would be his life!

HER name, Ed Bradbury thought, will be Carol (she will have hair somewhere between ash blonde and reddish gold. She'll have a strictly front row body, with long legs. She'll know the difference between receipt and recipe, and she'll look wonderful waiting at the gate when I come home at the end of a hectic day all in frown....

From what? From police work. She'll be the type who likes and respects cops, with a special fondness for brilliant detectives. She will glow with quiet pride when I bring home the badge I have won for hard work, with that touch of

brilliance my superiors cannot deny.

Behind Brad is the Pullman car, a waiter remarking to his buddy, "Do you really call for dumpled knees? What a character!"

Brad smiled, settled back against the chair back and slipped back into his dream. He closed his eyes and thought about the girl he had dreamed up in the hour-ago. Then a tailor's dummy came out from behind a tapestry and howled.

"Grand Central Terminal! Grand Central Terminal!"

Brad woke with a start, rubbed the kink from his neck, and gratefully trailed the departing throng.

Now, to find a hotel and sleep for twenty-four hours! Then he could spend the rest of his vacation having fun wherever he found it.

He passed through the gate into the waiting room, and there she was.

She was standing a few feet away, peered into the crowd. His first thought was, *Power I thought her eyes were blue.*

They were green, and wide with fright. They flickered here and there as though seeking courage, refuge, help. Brad's eyes followed in their direction and saw two men gruffly closing in on the girl.

Loose the dog, he thought, and

Vanished

FICTION • By CRAIG RICE



the Creeper. Or somebody quite as sinister. He jacked his magazine under the hand carrying his bag and, with his right arm free, started toward the girl. She was smiling instinctively. Here was the form and colors of his dream. Here was the girl.

She detached herself suddenly from the crowd and thing happened at him, joy and terror mingled up her face. He caught a quick glimpse of tapering shining legs, a body expertly modelled in pleated wood, and then she was in his arms.

"Wonder!" she cried. "I thought you'd never get here, darling!" She danced up and down a little. She stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "I'm so glad to see you!" she bubbled. Under her breath she murmured, "Please. Give a little."

Brad relaxed in a kind of happy abandon, his face falling into an unbelated grin. He dropped his bag, for purposes of further re-approach. Over her shoulder he saw Louise the Lug and the Creeper

in a double knot of frustration, indignation, and rage. He stiffened, and the girl pulled her mouth away.

"Come on," she whispered into his ear. "Take me to a taxi. Be gay."

He grabbed her arm affectionately. A gay and his girl, headed for happiness, pushed through the crowd and ran for a taxi. Glimpses followed them. Envious glances. Then two strangers rode away, toward the address she had given the driver.

"Don't ask any questions," was her first remark.

"Now look here," Brad said, "if you think I'm going to leave it at this, you're crazy."

"You got a right to know," he said. "You pack me out of a crowd, get me into a taxi I didn't want, and then say, 'Don't ask questions. Your attitude is a reflection on your intelligence. And yours. Why not? Why pack me?'"

She looked at him, then and in

spite of his anger, he sought his breath. It was that kind of a face. It was magic.

"I picked you because you were the dearest thing available," she said calmly. "And never mind why. I don't know why myself. I came to New York to see my grandfather's clothes open, and the first thing I know a couple of lugs are trying to strangle me some place. Now don't ask me why. That is another thing I don't know. Except that it was happiness. And now — now I wish you'd just go away and forget the whole thing."

BRAD fell back into the corner of his seat. "Just my luck," he said bitterly. "I'll wake up in a minute and get off the train. And there won't be any Louie the Lug, or whatever. Well, go on, get out of my dream. The longer you stay, the tougher it will be to wake up."

She smiled. "Then how do you account for the lipstick on your face?"

"That's part of the dream. I can't see it. Give me your mirror."

The little rectangle of glass showed him his own face, not distorted, not changing into the face of a stranger, as sometimes happens in a dream. On his cheek were two smudges of lipstick. He scrubbed with his handkerchief, and returned the mirror.

The cab slowed to a stop before an old and lovely brownstone. She showed open the door, peered, and knuckled his again. This time she meant it.

"I'll get out of your dream," she whispered, "if you'll get out of mine."

He lifted his arms toward her, but she was gone. She flung money at the driver, flung words over her shoulder.

"Thanks for getting me out of a tight spot."

She ran up the steps and into the house, her heels beating a swift, farewell tattoo.

The driver said, "Where to, bud?"

"Wait a second." Brad had a growing conviction that he'd been a little too quick on the draw. This could've resulted somewhat more taking. He fished out his handkerchief and wiped his lips. "What do you say?"

The driver grinned. "Kids and bellyhocks and butcher's bills. Nice take."

"I'm a stupe," Brad said. "Good-bye, chum."

He got out. The taxi drove away. Brad went up to the door and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a butler with a face of chilled steel. "Yes?" he said.

Brad gestured with the magazine he had been holding. "She left this in the cab. Would you ask her to

come down, please?" he said.

"She?" the butler said. "Evidently you have the wrong residence, sir."

"The young lady who just went in," Brad said impatiently. A pulse throbed painfully in his forehead.

"The lady with ice in the cab."

"Young lady? Why, no one has entered this house for upward of fifteen minutes, sir."

Brad stuck his foot in the door. "Hold it, I want to see her. Something's afoot in there."

The butler reluctantly opened the door once more. His voice was soft and low. "Best if—Mum, before I lose your arm off and beat you over the head with it."

Brad pulled his head back turtle-wise and measured the opposition chin. Belling on his feet, he turned a one-two and upbrought the brain presently on the button.

The butler's hard eyes glared with surprise, and he sagged all the starch going out of his knees as he toppled toward Brad. Brad let him fall, and stepped over large, upturned feet into the house.

A room opened off the first hall, a gracious and comfortable room. Brad's first impression was that it had a spacious and old-fashioned gleam. It was so large that he noticed characteristic details of the room itself before he noticed the occupant.

Tall windows gave out on to a tiny formal garden. In the great fireplace a tiny blaze glowed, coiled again and again from the old, dark paneling. Beside the fireplace was a huge, ugly lamp with a beaded glass shade, and the ancient chair beneath it seemed to have grown to fit the old man who sat there.

He looked up at Brad, his thin face calm. His eyes flashed, but his painted beard did not become riled, nor did his transparent hands, folded on the rug over his leg, show any tension. When he spoke, it was softly and comfortably, with a faint touch of the Old Cape South in his voice.

"To what, sir, do I owe the unexpected pleasure of your presence here?" Poydon my hat rang, but I'm poorly."

"Where a she?" Brad demanded. "She?" the old man echoed. "She, sir?"

"The girl who came in here where a she?"

"You must be mistaken, sir. No girl came in here."

"Look," Brad said. "I don't know what the game is, I just had a slight argument with your butler on that point. A girl did come in here, I want to know where she is now."

The pointed beard did become rigid, as the old man drew himself up with magnificent dignity.

"I must ask you, young man, to leave my house."

"The hell I will," Brad put down his bag. "Listen, uncle, I'm going to have a look around, and—"

A pistol shot cut off his threat. It was a familiar sound to Brad, but he jumped nevertheless. It was like finding a madheaded redneck in the heart of Times Square. You didn't expect pistol shots here at Mint Julep Manor.

He checked his immediate impulse to run toward the sound of the shot. Was he really awaked? This was like his dream. He swung another quick glance around the room, but nothing had changed, everything was as solid and respectable as ever. He looked at the picture of Uncle Quincy, but the image didn't wink, as it would have in a dream. He dashed out to find a stairway. The shot had come from above.

There were light switches in the house, and light. But that was all. Not a carpet, not a stick of furniture. Dead lay on the floors of the bare rooms. Bewildered, Brad went from room to room. The parlor, or whatever the room was downtown, was furnished to perfection. But elsewhere there was nothing. Nothing but dust.

In the third room upstairs he found something else. Lower the

Lug lay on the floor, green and red. Homburg hat and all. And lower the Lug was dead.

Through a window he could see a big dark blue car parked at the curb, a uniformed chauffeur leaning against the door. As Brad watched, the chauffeur threw away his cigarette and stiffened to attention.

A man was moving down the short walk, leisurely, without concern, as though murder hadn't been done upstairs only a moment ago. He was a big man, almost incredibly fat, and yet not fatty. Solid, rather, both in physical presence and in pose. He wore black and was hairless. A fringe of faded red hair decorated the back of his pink, shining bald head.

The chauffeur opened the door, the fat man got in, the car drove away. Brad drew a quick breath. From somewhere down below, a door closed quietly.

Brad wheeled and took the stairway in three leaps. He burst into the parlor.

Nobody was there. The "pearly" old man had made a quick recovery. A look into the hall showed no better prospects in the doorway. He'd made a quick recovery too, Brad reflected. Lots of houses to these people.

Where was the telephone? Before he did anything else, he must call the police. Then if he were drawn away, they'd have part of the picture at least.

He went through the house, room by empty room. There was no telephone. There would be one at the nearest drugstore. But should he leave the scene?

There was the girl to consider, too.

He had come here to find her, and he was dazed if he'd leave until he knew more. He could call a passerby outside, have him call the police, and then really go through the place. He went to the front door and was standing on the steps watching for the first pedestrian when he heard footsteps behind him.

Brad shrunk to one side of the doorway. The steps were light and quick, not running, but moving in haste.

The first thing in sight was a gun. The man behind it was the slim-digged butler, his sun-browned face smiling at a smile pose. "Are you still among us?" he asked.

With his left hand the butler drew a fringed muffler around his neck in that instant Brad thought of jumping him, but the man's posture was so easy, the gun in such perfect command, that the action would only have been suicide.

From faraway a phone did begin to ring. It called through the house like a cheerful voice from another and grander world. The butler continued looking in his scarf thoughtfully.

"It so happens that I have just given my notice," he informed Brad. "Perhaps you would care to answer the telephone."



"Why couldn't you think to bring a camera?"

With the gun fixed on Brad's middle, he backed out the door, he tumbled behind him, swung it open a few inches, closed the street carefully, saw what he wanted, remarked, "Many happy returns," and was gone.

Brad shook himself back to here and now. These were invaders longer than he had ever known in Bridgeport. Somewhere in the corner the phone still called out. He walked through four vacant, deserted rooms before he located the urgent appeal hidden in a closet beneath the stereophonic pipes.

"Hello," he said, and waited. The voice which answered held the same gentle dignity, the same inflection of the Old South, and something else. A sense of humor on the edge of the horrible.

"Young man, I regret to tell you this, but—"

"Yes?"

"Get out of this, lad. Don't be a bother. Go on back to wherever you came from and forget the whole thing. You'd be much happier."

"Why?"

"You take my advice now, and your girl will come back to you in one piece." The voice chuckled disapprobly. "Otherwise—practical."

In the sudden silence Brad heard a double click as the line went dead.

Brad crossed the street then to a chain drugstore on the corner. He motioned the police from a booth, and was put through to the Home-land Division, and related to an Inspector Callins the bare facts regarding the murdered man he'd found. He promised to meet the inspector at the old brownstone in fifteen minutes. . . .

Fifteen minutes later the two men entered the room where Brad had seen the corpse. The body was gone. The covering of dust was gone, where perhaps unknown had removed the lain gangster, but otherwise the room was as bare as the palm of your hand.

Inspector Callins looked at Brad for a long time. "What an imagination!" he commented gently.

"I knew what I saw," Brad said slowly. "The lights are on, aren't they? And there's a spot on the floor. Here. It's blood."

The inspector gave him a look which had seemed hardened gentleness to cross the street. He took off his ward hat. He fanned himself with it. "Where did you say you got your police training?"

"Bridgeport."

"Oh," the inspector said, as if that explained everything. He looked sadly at Brad. He shook his head.

Brad said hastily, "Wait a minute. Let me try it from another angle. Never mind the background. I saw a man dead here. Shot between the eyes. He was about five foot eight, weighed about one hundred and sixty. He had a teardrop-shaped scar on his chin. He wore a green gardeners suit with a brown gun-slit, and a gray Hamburg. His shirt was pink, his

tie brown. Is that imagination?"

The inspector looked mildly astounded. "Could be Charley the Match. Go on."

Now I'm getting somewhere, Brad thought. "So I started putting two and two together."

"And woke up juggling."

"All right. You don't have to believe me. That's your privilege. Before this is finished, though, I'll make you cook gasp at that hat. I came to you with a straight, solid story."

"Solid?" The inspector snorted. "Let me tell you something. In practically every murder here, they use a corpse." His tone became almost fatherly. "Look, Bradbury, you're a nice lad. But go away. There's not much to ask. Just take yourself quietly away."

Whereupon the inspector grabbed Brad's arm, led him gently downstairs, dipped off the lights and opened the front door.

He shook off Brad's restraining hand, hooted it across the sidewalk to the police car. "Drive like hell," said the inspector.

BRAD stood on the sidewalk, guessing after the preceding halflights. No wonder things didn't make sense, he told himself, realizing how funny he was. How lack of sleep. He scrambled away, resolved to check in at the first hotel he found. He thought of his bag. He'd left it somewhere. Perhaps in the phone booth.

A voice said, "Posti Ray Gate-had."

He wheeled around. The girl stepped out of the shadows and gripped his arm with both hands. "Brad."

Brad stared at her. Her face was very white, and there was a smudge of dirt on one cheek. Her hair was disheveled, but her eyes were twinkling.

"You said you came back here?" she said. "I hoped, I thought, I was sure you would." Then, with sharp anxiety, "Wouldn't these policemen?"

"Yes."

"Oh," she said in despair.

"Don't worry," Brad said bitterly. "The inspector begged me for facts and told. He's probably right, and at this moment, I don't care. There was no corpse. Some undertaker borrowed him for a window display or something. Why do we stand here gabbing? What happened to you?"

"I think I was kidnapped. It felt that way. But the kidnapper looked hangers with another car. I got away."

"Who was he?" Brad demanded.

"Darn! I know there was something I forgot," she smiled one of those April shower smiles. "You see, he never took his hat off."

Sudden anger was like ice water on Brad's forehead. He wanted to grab her by the shoulders and shake her. He said harshly, "You'd whiskered at your own funeral. So far we've got a murder, a kidnapping, and God knows what else. Young woman, we are going to find a table, and you are going to

TOPERS, HOW LONG . .

can you hold
your breath?

A MAN who could hold his breath a long time was a man who held an advantage over his fellow drinkers in the Bowery. New York, in the decade which followed the American Civil War, in that decade the Bowery changed from a decent thoroughfare that contained the city's theater to a disreputable street lined with cheap saloons, pawnshops, shooting galleries and dance-houses. As its frequenters became mostly drunkards and derelicts, gamblers of dives stopped selling liquor in glasses. In order to get a shot of whiskey, the customer placed a nickel on the bar, picked up a tube connected with a barrel—on a shelf behind the counter—and was allowed to drink all he could without taking a breath! It is said that most of the customers spent their leisure hours doing deep breathing exercises and practicing swimming.

put your cards on it. The whole hand."

She looked at him quickly and said in a small voice, "Could we have some food on that table, too? I could eat an old man, if it had a rib of mutton."

Brad became aware that a car had alighted to the left behind them. "Need any help, lady?" a voice asked.

Brad started, then checked. Then saw it was a cab. He took the girl's arm, yanked her across the sidewalk, and pushed her in. "Take us to a cab," he said. "The nearest one."

The cab driver studied the situation for a minute. He looked at her, then at Brad. "You gonna ply her with drink or food, brother?"

"Food," Brad said.

The cab driver scratched his head, then turned on his meter. Over the clicking, he said, "I guess it's okay then. But if you were gonna take her to a night club, I wouldn't drive you. I don't like women drinking in public. Do you?"

The girl said, "I should think your attitude would cost you money."

"Lady," the driver said, "on the night shift, I share Dainties is okay. They all want to go to Mary's. But I won't take 'em to a dive, so right times I don't work much."

Brad looked at the driver's identification card. "Mr. Silvanus," he



"I think you'd better order from the English side of the menu!"

said, "That philosophy is out of this world. But in this case, we're hungry."

"You're in trouble, too," Selvaday Selvia said. "I can see it's funny how much trouble there is. Maybe suspense is at the bottom of it, I daresay. If you can tell me what your trouble is, I can fix it." "Some other time," Brad said. "If you don't mind."

"Don't mind at all, brother. Any time you need transport, call the company, ask for Number 76. I'll come."

"Could we go?" the girl asked placidly.

"Sure, sister," Selvia said. He started to put the bag down, halted.

"Forget. Free ride. Where to?"

"Anywhere you say," Brad said, "but I had something like a steak in mind."

Selvia showed in his clutch and drove away. Presently he deposited them at Carlo's Cafe. "If you don't like this," he said, "you're crazy. Oh, everybody to his own taste of course. Just two-bits, brother. Oh well, if you say so. Thanks for the tip. Remember, ring me."

BRAD followed the girl inside to a table. She sat down across from him and said, "I'll certainly say this for our new friend. He took the trouble out of you."

He looked at her, at the green eyes, the red-pink hair, the complex curves of her cheeks. "It's just come to me," he said.

"Like in a dream?" she asked. "Shut up," Brad said pleasantly. "It's just come to me that I don't know your name. Oh, I know your dream name, but not the one you wear when I'm awake."

"It's Jackie," she told him. "Jackie Jackson. And I don't know why you're in this."

"I've got a reason," Brad said.

The waitress arrived with pad and pencil.

"Food," Brad said. "Anything. Lots of it. Quick. And lots of coffee."

The waitress blinked and went away. Brad looked at Jackie again. He said, "You're something out of my favourite dream. But look, I've got to hurry. I'm on a short vacation. So I want to know what you know. I'll add what I know, and maybe we can make some sense out of this." He added, "I'm not only a very hungry guy, I'm a very tired guy. I want to sleep. Extraneously. Right around the clock."

She smiled faintly. "You're nice." No trace of flippancy now. Her under lip tightened. "But—you see, I'm scared."

The waitress brought two plates of lamb stew and two cups of coffee.

"Go right ahead."

"Well," she said. "It's a little complicated. I'd been looking for Grandpa—" She broke off, smiled weakly, and said, "Maybe I'd better give you a little background. We're circus people. My father was an animal man. He died very peacefully of a ruptured appendix when I was a baby. My mother married again, another animal trainer named Frost. He had a little boy by a former marriage—Jack. I don't remember Frost, but Jack and Grandpa do. He was killed by one of the cats. People think mother was killed by a fall during a rehearsal, but Grandpa says it was a broken heart. She just didn't care. So Grandpa and Whit Surree—he's been Grandpa's business manager since I can first remember—brought us up, Jack and me. That—that sort of brings you up to date."

"Almost," Brad said. "Let's have

more about this grandfather of yours. He interests me."

A look came into her eyes. Suddenly she was more beautiful than Brad had ever imagined her. "What?" Her voice almost broke. "It's hard to explain about the Colonel. That's what most people call Grandpa. He was like a father and mother and grandfather, and uncle and aunt, and a bunch of school friends, and your favourite movie star, all rolled up into one bundle. He could do things nobody else could do. He could always understand when you wanted to explain something to him, or when you were asking for something you'd set your heart on. Like a kindergarten, or your first party dress, or a pair of skis. All the people in the circus loved him. He could be gentle and dignified at the same time, and—fun. Do you begin to see him?"

"Not entirely," Brad said. He was trying to fit what she'd just told him to the old man in the brownstone house, and to his voice over the telephone threatening to send Jackie back in prison, unless Brad got out and stayed out.

"I know what you mean," Jackie whispered.

But Brad wondered if she did.

JACKIE frowned. "I hadn't seen him for over a year. I'd been away at school. When I came home today, everything was mixed up. Those two men you saw at the station got on my train at some small town in Connecticut and never took their eyes off me. Grandpa didn't meet me, and that worried me, so I planned the circus. The two men stayed right outside. I think they were ready to kidnap me when you showed up. Then, you remember, we went on to the old house. I knew Grandpa used to go back there sometimes and walk alone through those empty rooms, though nobody had lived there for years. I went there and told the strange butler who I was I was surprised to find the house lived in, and yet—I was almost past being surprised by then."

"Quite naturally," Brad commented.

"Then I saw him. I was shocked—even in that dim light, I could see how he'd aged. He seemed glad to see me, and yet he mad. Jackie, I don't want you here. You'd better go away, and I'll talk to you later. Just then the doorbell rang."

"I rang it," Brad said.

"Grandpa said it was somebody for a business conference. He told me to wait upstairs."

Brad frowned. "But he must have known—"

"That the house was bared? I suppose so. Anyway, when I got out of the room, that man was waiting for me. I don't know how he beat us there from the station, or how he got in. The rear entrance must have been open. He pointed a gun at me, and took me upstairs to that empty room. He said he had something to tell me, and that he was on my side, whatever that

ment. Then the door opened. He turned toward it. Then I heard a shot, and whoever he was, he fell."

"It was Charley the Match," Brad assured her solemnly. "At least that's who the inspector thinks it was. He?"

"Then I backed into a clothes closet, only there was somebody in ahead of me. All I know is, he was kind of fat. He gave me one awful whack on the side of the head."

Brad was surprised at how angry that made him. "Then you came to in the car? Why didn't you question them?"

"In a way, I was afraid to. How did I know that Grandpa and Hank weren't mixed up in it? That lunk hadn't gone to the house? How did I know he didn't kill Charley Whiteman? And—there was always Grandpa. She drew a long, quivering breath. "Brad, I want to go to the circus and talk to Whit Sumner. Grandpa always told him everything. I want to know where Grandpa is. And what this is all about."

Brad nodded. "I'll take you there."

Brad caught a glimpse of someone a few doors down the street. That shepherd played out, that soft-plumage hat, could only belong to the side-luck of the dead man, the one who had been with him at the station.

"There's still one thing I want to know," Brad said. "Who is?"

A hand dropped on Brad's shoulder. "A hard question for a philosopher, brother. Who am I? Who are you? A question that can take you a lifetime before you get to the bottom of it. And even then—"

Brad looked at Jackie. She shrugged, but her eyes were smiling at Salvador Salva.

"Look, Mr. Salva," Brad said, "are you a good driver?"

"Comparatively."

"Could you ditch somebody following you?" Brad demanded. "You or no?"

"In a word—yes."

"Let's go," Brad said. "Somebody will be on our tail. After you lose him, I'll tell you where to go."

BRAD helped Jackie into Salva's cab, and as they pulled away he watched through the rear window. A long dark roadster pulled instantly away from the curb.

"Only one man in the car," Brad said. "Let's call him the Creeper. He must have followed us here. So it seems somebody wants an eye kept on you."

She gasped and was silent for a moment. Then she asked quietly, "Where are we going?" She put her hand on his elbow.

"Do you live somewhere, when you're not away at school?"

"My aunt's apartment."

"Good. Write down the address on something with lipstick if you don't have a pencil. Then I'll get in touch with you tomorrow. I'm going to Madison Square Garden. The core of this situation seems to be there, at the circus."

"You're the domineering type, too," she said. She hunted for a pencil, finally took a lipstick, in a bright plastic container, from her purse. She found an old envelope and wrote on it, slowly and painstakingly. "All right, here you are. I think you can read this, only it's a little smudgy."

Brad tucked it carefully away in his pocket.

"I'll make you a promise," he said. "I'll be on your doorstep at exactly ten tomorrow morning. Which means I'll have to keep out of trouble."

She smiled, half-believing, half-sneered. Then she turned away.

Brad noticed that she had dropped her lipstick on the floor of the cab. He was about to return it to her when he had the sudden thought it would be nice to have something of hers along until he saw her again. He slipped the bright plastic tube in his pocket before she turned back to him.

"Brad! Please. Please let me come with you."

"And get yourself scratched again? No, I want you safe. Besides, you saw the corpse too. You're the only one who can convince Inspector Calkins I've got all my marbles."

Salva had been zigzagging through traffic like a demented croquet needle. Brad noticed with relief that they were in the clear.

"Good work, Salva. Take the lady home after you drop me at the Garden. And keep an eye on your rear mirror."

As the cab rounded the Garden, Brad called, "Slow down a bit. I'll take it on the fly." He squeezed Jackie's hand, opened the cab door, ready to go.

"Oh, brother, did you get around to reading that little thing of mine yet?"

"Tomorrow," Brad promised. In the next second he had jumped six feet to land on the sidewalk. He went in and out of a drugstore to make sure no one was following him, then made his way back to the Garden.

There was a little trouble getting in at this hour, but he finally convinced a ticket-taker that he knew Colonel Eldredge's manager. He had not gone thirty feet up the ramp when he saw the bullet the man he had last seen creeping out the door, gun in hand.

"Hey! Wait up a minute!"

The man continued on, moving leisurely down a hall lined with dressing rooms. Every few feet a loud poster presented the very benign face of Colonel Eldredge winking down at him. From inside the rooms Brad could hear the distant beat of circus music. He reached his room, put one hand on his arm, and turned him around.

The ex-buller had only time enough to look at a door behind him. It opened, and Brad saw the goalie and twinkling eyes of the Colonel once more. Pushing the buller ahead of him, he moved forward. The Colonel smiled. The door closed behind them. In the next instant something that rang

like a brass gong smashed against his temple, and Brad felt himself falling down an endless tunnel.

HE woke up with his head full of broken glass. It rattled around when he moved, taking a language, probably, right make. Somebody had left his tongue on the bottom of an aquarium, and then had gone away for the week-end.

First thing you do, Brad thought, is open the eyes. You take one hand, steady it with the other, and pry up the lids. If you can lift a hand.

It must be after ten o'clock. He had to get up and figure a way to get out of here. Out of where?

He tried opening his eyes again, not looking at the naked bulk overhead. He was on a bed, a close bed, and the bed was in a room with a cracked, blue ceiling.

Sitting in a chair, or chair, a few feet away, were four men. Quadriplets, apparently, for all the men had the same killed-steeled features. Gradually they merged into one figure, and the chairs became a chair Brad looked at the face of the buller who had met him—all those years ago—at the door of the brownstone house.

"Good morning, Mr. Sandberg. A splendid morning, if I may say so. Sandberg, not too cool, said the market opened up the run."

Brad compelled himself to sit up. "And roses are red. But how did I get here?"

The other studied his immaculate fingernails. "You were chilled. And as to my identity, surely you remember an old sparring partner. Among my associates, my name is Sandberg."

"But what's all this about?"

Sandberg withdrew an object from his side pocket. Under Brad's wavering stare, it focused itself into a wooden sock. It was hard-packed with sand and neatly knotted.

"To acquiesce you extensively with all the circumstances," Sandberg began, "would be indifferent." He whirled the sock like Daniel



Bones playing with a Bowie. "But, A, that noise you hear overhead is a party. This, B, is a sap. If you try to engage the aid of those in A, and then B will knock you backside over teacup."

"Why were Jackie mugged? What does she have to do with it, if I may ask?"

Sandbag yawned. "C, I make the interrogations. You answer." He got out of his chair and sauntered over to the window. With his hands in his pockets, he contemplated the chaotic swarm of Times Square with all the noble detachment of a Montagues.

Wobbling to his feet, Brad got out of bed. He studied his nose to within six inches before Sandbag wheeled and got his shoes up. Brad's first punch was blocked; the second whumped home with great indignity. But not before Sandbag brought his sap down hard on the angle of Brad's jaw. Brad reeled back, his senses all at sea.

Sandbag tripped him deftly and pushed him back into bed. "It is high time, Mr. Bradbury, you returned to Bridgeport. My own opinion is that you are already a touch clown on a metropolitan back. How our affairs concern you is something of an enigma to me. But unless you decide to—ah—how, things can become calamitous."

A peculiar knock sounded on the door. It resembled the opening notes of the Toccata and Fugue.

THE door was swung open to admit a little man. He wore a baseball cap and the kind of denim jacket favoured by truck drivers. Brad thought he looked a good deal like a country hank taffer faced with an endless stream of busy checks. His face wore what might be described as a revolving snarl.

The newcomer demanded of Sandbag, "Is that the noisy crumb? Let me at him!"

"All in time, Spanish. All in good time."

Brad said, "I understand that so much matters as kidnapping, the Federal boys are not very co-operative. And besides that—"

"A yucker, huh," said Spanish. "Wholla learn!"

"The gentleman was not very expensive before your arrest," Sandbag said. "Undoubtedly he knows more than somewhat. Still—"

"Gimme a wet towel," Spanish said.

"Spanish, allow me to remind you that he could create a—"

"Another yucker. Listen, bubble-head, this is the Chateau Hotel. A guest could set off an A-bomb in here, and it wouldn't even show on his bill. Be any more this big mook is strictly on the house. Gimme that towel!"

Sandbag gave him what he asked for.

"Now understand, young fellow," Spanish said, "ordinarily rough stuff is out. But you been hurting your nose in what don't concern ya." With that he whanged Brad on the side of the head with the sudden towel.



The blow stung, then burned. Brad leaped up, only to be wrestled down again by Sandbag. Spanish hit him again, deliberately, conscientiously. Waves of pain broke and swirled inside Brad.

"Now whaddya know?" Spanish demanded.

"This," Brad staggered to his feet. He shoved Sandbag away, ignoring the pain. The towel he ripped out of the other's hands. Then he heaved up Spanish by the lapels and threw him halfway across the room.

Brad shook his head to clear it. Somehow the pain had restored him. As though a bugle had sounded, he felt wide awake and ready to go. He started after Sandbag.

Spanish had landed on all fours, as alert as a cat. "The key!" he croaked to Sandbag. "Gimme the key."

Sandbag was backpedaling fast, taking advantage of every chair and table in Brad's way.

"Throw me the key, you dope!" Without stopping for a reply, Spanish ran across the room, ripped the telephone out by the roots, and pricked it thoughtfully under the bed.

The room key was flapping loose in Sandbag's hand now. He and Brad were circling around the bureau. As Brad feinted an end run, he caught Sandbag coming the other way, and in the same instant, Sandbag threw the key over Brad's head.

It sailed through the air until Spanish caught it in one deft hand, whooped, and went through the bathroom door straight-arm. Brad abandoned his quarry. He got through the door before Spanish could close it. But by that time Spanish had jumped into the bathtub, swept the shower curtain between them, opened the slatted window, and dangled the key over empty space. The key fell, whirling and spinning to the pavement below.

He collared Spanish and shook him until his wisdom teeth rattled. Spanish squirmed out of his jacket, and was in the door again. Sand-

bag came through the bathroom door, with his beloved sap swinging. Brad got his hands on him, swung him spirally around, and booted him elsewhere like a football.

"Now listen," Spanish complained. "The boss just told us to keep you bottled up. Until after."

"After what?" Brad asked. Then Sandbag returned to the attack. Brad stuck out one foot, and Sandbag went back-and-over-and. There was only one place for him to go, and he made it on the first try, landing with an unhappy thump! in the waiting bathtub.

Sandbag sat up. His eyes were crossed. "One hundred thousand damn and off to Cuba," he said.

On his way out of the bathroom, Brad shamelessly peeked on the shower.

"We are now five stories up," Spanish remarked, with rare composure. "The phone don't live here no more. Too much noise anyhow for nobody to pay no attention. The door's locked, an' unless you old lady was Pearl White, you're gonna stay on ice. Until after."

Brad caught a flicker of movement in a mirror. He turned, ducked inside the blow, and backhanded Sandbag to a sodden heap on the door. He wratched the sap from his hand, and chopped him one for good luck.

"Spanish, you'll have to help me with our friend here. He's making a puddle all over the rug!"

Between them they lugged the inert Sandbag back to the bathroom. Spanish was all for filling up the tub. "He'll be more comfortable that way. Besides, he ain't been no more use to me than a square bicycle."

AFTER watching Spanish reverently fill the tub, an idea struck Brad. He had peeped into the bedroom and opened the window. He was studying Sandbag's weapon, about to unlock it on the wall when the sight of the crowd below struck him. Five stories down, the street was boiling with the water



morning rush. With long lines of citizens inched in and out of the subway tracks, buses heaved a stupor while passengers got on and got off, whistles blew, auto horns blared. There must be someone in that crowd below who would respond to an alarm. Brad laid the seedling heads a hasty pattern on a ledge and shut the window.

In the bathroom he found a cloth towel. Jackie's lipstick was still in his pocket. He ripped a slit out of the nearest window shade and laid the whole business down on top of the bureau. Patiently he worked a couple of holes in the towel with the end of a mechanical pencil. Then after spreading the towel out flat on the glass bureau top, he muttered boldly: KILL THE PRESIDENT! On the reverse side he added: BOMB THE WHITE HOUSE!

"Hey!" Spanish yelled. "Ye subversive, or something? Ya can get arrested for that!"

Brad slipped the slit through the towel, tested it to make sure it would hold, then opened the window and hung out his red-and-white flag.

"Now," he said, "we'll see how indifferent New Yorkers really are."

"Whoops! know it!" Spanish roared, spying Brad darkly. "Twelve years now I been outside. Everything apple-pie. No that from this one, no that from that one, go this and that from the cops. A little bee-work, and now and then a sucker, and life is lovely like no-sucking. Matter in fact, I even voted for Dewey. It's against me sorrel!"

After ten minutes, there was a distant tapping on the door. Brad ignored it. The tapping rose to a pounding, and while Spanish made question marks with his eyebrows, Brad let it go on.

"Okay, smart boy, open it up or we break it down!"

"Why not use a key?" Brad suggested.

"Listen, bud, we're the police." "You still need a key. I'm locked in here."

There was a muttered consultation outside the door. Several keys were tried before the door swung open. Next to the messenger, who wore a cherry-red carnation, and a hotel employee standing there with a key-ring around his neck like a turkey's ruff, stood six bluecoats. They all wore the same expression, martyred indignation at the cross-roads.

The cops entered the room, one at a time. A small man, who must have stood on tiptoe to meet the physical requirements, confronted Brad. "What goes on here, fella?"

"Well—my name is Bradbury. Edward Bradbury. And—"

Spanish came bustling up. "Listen, Sarge, I didn't have absolutely nothing to do with that, see? Nothing. And between you and me, I'm a very good friend of Sherman McGowan, or a life-long Republican."

"Tell me more," said the sergeant.

"You won't never catch a fella like my cousin! the government down. Not me. Say, I voted for Hoover twice."

"That's very interesting," the sergeant remarked. "Because it happens that my great uncle was a seaman in Treasury Hall. Now you were saying, Bradbury?"

"Here, this will tell you who I am," Brad said, handing over his wallet.

While the sergeant was studying the wallet, another cop came up with Sandbag. "We found this smooch" in the bathroom."

Sandbag was a sight to brighten a dry cleaner's heart. He was spotted and soaking. "I have nothing to say in this present lamentable condition on the grounds that it might degrade me," he announced. "Absolutely nothing!"

A cop nudged him to the hallway. "Nothing" could degrade you, you bum."

The first cop handed Brad back his wallet. "Okay. That flag was a pretty smart idea. Now if you'll come along with us to sign the complaint..."

Brad thought of Jackie, waiting. He drew the cop aside and explained the situation, that he had a good lead on a kidnapping, and that if he could have a couple of hours... He talked so persuasively that he was free to keep his date, on the understanding that he was to come to the precinct station later.

Down in the hotel lobby Brad phoned the cab company to send Salvador and then sank into a leather chair with a sigh. A wall clock told him that, with frenzied driving, he might get to Jackie's before ten o'clock, if luck held out.

When Salvador arrived, he greeted Brad with a wondering smile. "You look tired, brother, but not found wanting. Get caught in a busy elevator shaft?"

"Sort of. You remember where you took the young lady last night? Think you can make it there by ten sharp?"

"Or get pinched for trying. Let's go."

Twelve minutes later, its tires smoking, the cab squealed to a stop. "By the way, brother, have you had time to read that little..."

"Later," Brad said. He handed over a substantial bill, staggered up the steps and rang the bell.

Jackie herself opened the door. "Good darling! You're home!"

"Convent nazar," Brad nodded to a desk clock. "Thanks to Salvador, I made it. Ten o'clock straight up."

Then he fell forward, out cold, as she reached to catch him.

THE guest was strange and wonderful. And the perfume. And the cool dress. He realized, once he opened his eyes, that he had never hoped to find restfulness like this. Up to now he had been a man racing a treadmill, and the only give in its rhythm had been tarnished by a sordid, a gun butt, or anything stunning that happened to be lying loose. Naïf case such as this was wonderful.

He opened his eyes and widened them at the middle-aged woman with the pleasant face and lovely green eyes. She had a fair complexion but had once been reddish gold. She looked like Jackie.

"Am I Rip Van Winkle?" said Brad. "You're twenty years older."

She smiled at him. "I'm not Jackie. I'm her Aunt Matilda. Jackie's sprucing up your clothes. She asked me to tell you not to worry about your face. It'll look like new after it's bathed in warm salt water and covered with pen-cake make-up."

"Pen-cake make-up," Brad said. "That does it? He thought things over. "How long have I been pegged out?"

"Quite a while. It's getting on toward one."

"I've got to get to the circus as soon as I—say, how did I get undressed?"

"Don't blush," said Aunt Matilda. "I'm a nurse's aide."

"Jackie. Could I see Jackie?"

"If you can move your head," Jackie said from the doorway. "Kiss me the apron, but I've been

"Bugs. How do you feel, Brad?"
"That we'll ship," Brad said.
"Listen, Jackie, things are going to happen, and happen fast. How much did you find out?"
"Well, I called everybody I knew."
"Why not?"
"To find out where Grandpa is. And all I learned seems unbelievable. Jerry Carrington—he's a rich man who sometimes helps Grandpa out of a jam—he tells me Grandpa is going to sell the circus."
"Is that bad?"
"It's plain you don't know my family very well. Would the Haskins sell Woodward's?"
"I see what you mean. But murder and kidnapping don't usually fit into ordinary business. We've got to locate your grandfather. He's the key to the whole puzzle."

"Well, but first we've got to make you presentable."

Brad sat up. After a moment everything stopped saying.
"What's the matter with me?" Jackie and her aunt laughed.
"You should see yourself!" Jackie said. "You look like you were run over by stampeding weasels."

Brad sat in a chair while the two women went to work on his face. Afterward Jackie brought him a mirror. He had to admit that, easy or no story, their handwork enabled him to go out on the street without frightening people of reward money.

"Now you're all set to go out and get beat up all over again," Jackie told him. "Only this time you won't be alone."

Brad shook his head. "You stay put. This is no job for a dummy, even a pretty little dummy like you."

"The going, Brad, the minute I turn my back, your face gets all crumpled up. After all, I've got a stink in that face."

"You mean?"
"I made you look human again, didn't I?"

Somehow that seemed to settle it. They found Salvador waiting in his cab. He greeted them cordially, slipped down the flag, and they headed for the Garden.

"Too much excitement is bad for little girls," Brad said. "Let's wind this comedy up. Bugs, just like that!"

"Brad, I love you for trying. But they've bounced you around like a baseball. And all for what?"
"I've learned a couple of things. At a price."

"It was certainly no bargain," she said, touching his face.

"Quick! Listen, this affair is not going to be settled by flustering your eyeballs. These guys are playing for large dough, large enough that anything goes."

"What's on your programme?"

"First, let's talk to Summer and Carrington. That maybe your step-brother. After that, I'll think of something."

AT that Garden they took the elevator to the third floor office of Colonel Eldridge's show. What Summer was there, and

seated beside his desk was a man Brad remembered seeing before.

Jackie introduced Brad, and Summer came from behind his desk, hand outstretched, all joviality and good humor. He shook hands with Brad and introduced him to the third man. "And this is Mr. Carrington, my old friend—and my new boss."

"What, what goes on here?" Jackie demanded. "You can't sell the show without Grandpa!"

While Summer showed her a nice set of teeth in what was a very charming smile. Only the eyes over the charm were as cold as diamonds. And Brad was thinking about when he had seen Carrington before—the fat man moving leisurely down to his car right after Charley the Maltese had been killed.

"Jackie," Summer began. "Now baby, there are some things you may be too young to understand."
Jackie jumped to her feet. "That's the second time today I've been called baby-baby. Listen, when Summer, I may be no ball of fire at business, but the Eldridge family has owned this show for over fifty years, and if Grandpa were here—"

Carrington approached her. There was amusement in his shrewd eyes, but there was respect as well. "Your grandfather is a great showman, Miss Eldridge. None better. I hope he decides to continue advising us, but—"

"Have you a power of attorney?" asked Brad.

"Who is this man, Jackie?" While Summer had a stare that was good as a concealed weapon.

Jackie answered him with, "Suppose I ask the same question he did. What about a power of attorney?"

Summer opened a desk drawer. He withdrew a contract from among other papers and laid it where they could reach it.

Brad looked through the legal stargery. "It's waterproof all right," he said at last. "The first payment changed hands yet!"

"That's only simple routine," Summer told him. "As a matter of fact, Jackie, it's nice that a member of the family is here to witness the transaction. After today's performance we'll have the photographers in."

Carrington rose. "Let me send over a check. While Never cared for publicity. Now you up for too many snapshots." He faced Jackie.

"For some reason only he knows, your grandfather trusted on cash. I have it with me. I don't altogether understand, but—"

A Niagara of sound drowned out his remark. It welled up from below in waves after waves, from men, women and children, screams from animals, and every it all the quaking roar of a lion which sent a shudder through everyone in the room.

There was no one trying to talk above that din. Brad couldn't even hear his feet on the stairs as he plunged down two at a time. A quick glance over his shoulder had showed him Jackie, Summer, and the portly Carrington following

him. He pounded down the corridor toward the source of the din, the fat man panting behind him.

As he raced along, the swirl of the circus came to meet him. The colour of animals, men, things, and something else—fear. Over the roar and crash of caged beasts came the first uncertain notes of the distant band as it struck up to swing a panic.

Brad burst through the inner ring of the crowd.

A few feet beyond the tarpark arena, a man lay crumpled before the open door of a cage. Standing proudly above him, his tail lashing, roaring to keep everyone back, was a full-grown lion. No misdeed that, raised in captivity, pampered from birth. Here was a king of beasts, born with royalty, with blazing eyes and a roar that could shatter a barrel.

Brad shuffled. The man lying helpless on the ground was the white-haired old man of the brownstone house. He instantly thought of Jackie but it was impossible to shield the sight from her. Everywhere he turned there was a solid wall of frightened people.

The lion made no move to attack. It whipped the air with its dark-scaled tail, its teeth menacing. Night then a big man in circus uniform tailed his way through the crowd.

"Take him alive, boys," he called. "He's valuable!"

The lion wheeled at the voice, his pads audible. He snarled and barked. The big man broke and ran, throwing something over his shoulder that sounded like, "The year's mine!"

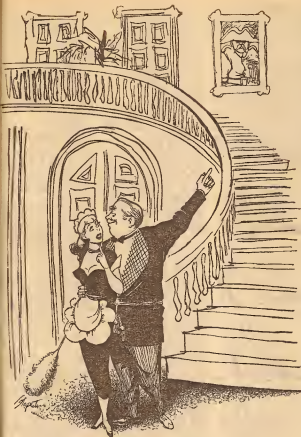
Then a secretary worked his way to the front. This one was compact in build, broad and calm.

His arrival brought quiet. He looked at the lion as though it were a fractious child and began talking to it, unheeding his words with crisp orders.

"You can't get away with this, you big dope," he told the cat. Then to the men. "Put a canvas wall around him. Fast. Before somebody gets hurt!" Then to the lion. "You belong in a cage, stupid. You'll get in trouble, running around loose. That's it, boys. Now put the cage where you can leave an opening. I'll keep him quiet."

THE animal now began to move swiftly, with brisk, efficient action. Now there was a cypress pole in the man's voice which Brad suddenly realized, was the same tone a devoted cat owner would use in talking to a prize Persian.

"You wouldn't like it outside, you know. You don't know about lights and traffic and huns. You've got scared. Look here to your friend. I don't want some stupid person to get panicked and hurt you. What we're going to do, old boy, is fix up a dark opening. It'll be a cage, but you won't realize that until it's too late. All get the back on the Colonel and put him out the second door."



"But Mr. Van Wyck, I'm the downtairs maid!"

turne his head. No, Boney, don't swing your tail at me."

When the wall was turned, the men beat on the canvas. They whistled. They stamped. One dived off blinds. The foot backed this way and that, a tremor rattling in noise, growled throatily, then leaped for the dark mouth of the cage. It was over.

The ground was bare. The roost-about had parked the figure on the ground to safety and out of sight behind a line of cages.

Then the crowd began to melt away. Brad followed along, keeping an eye on Link Frost. When they were the only two in the corridor he called out, "Say, hold on a minute."

Link turned, gauged him carefully, and waited.

"I'm Ed Bradbury. Your sister asked me to look into a few things for her."

"Oh, Jackie. Jackie's a nice kid but—like any other dame she blows her top the minute she gets out of her depth."

Brad smiled. "Drop it, Link."

"Drop what?"

"The horse-poker. For some reason of your own you've rung in a phony Grandie. The man you shoved from the lion back there wasn't the Colonel."

"What's that to you?"

"Being a cop, I like to see things neat and clean. Sooner or later that's the way they'll come out."

Link grinned. It wasn't pleasant. "Could be a while lot later than you think."

When they reached the office, Jackie, Carrington and Summer were talking earnestly.

"But why didn't Grandpa come here if he wants to sell?" Jackie was demanding. "It's his show. Grandpa—it's not like him to—"

Brad shut the door behind him.

"Link can explain that."

Link shook his head. "Harry, pal." He glanced at his watch. "Getting late, Jerry, did you bring the cash with you?"

Carrington turned to face him. "Sure thing. Right with me."

Link grinned. "Well, unhand it. Let's wind that thing up."

Reluctantly, but somehow proudly, Carrington took out an over-sized wallet. He opened the flap and fanned the edges of the bills. Each was marked 1,000 dollars.

"Lovely stuff," Link said. "Barons and dames and Miami Beach."

The office door opened suddenly. Brad was introduced to one Spanish and Sendbag. Spanish surveyed the room, spotted the money, and posted Sendbag at the door. Link stood frozen as a gun jabbed his elbow.

"Just keep your yaps shut," Spanish ordered, "and there won't be no trouble."

"How did you boys get out?"

Brad asked.

"We got no time to fan the breeze, pal," Spanish said. "But I don't mind giving the credit to Sharkey the Smiling Bandman." He picked up the wallet, thanked the bills affectionately, and then put the whole thing away in an inside pocket of his jacket.

They were gone as quickly as they had come.

CARRINGTON flung the cigar to the floor. Jackie was still wide-eyed. Link wore a fixed grin as though anything at all that happened would delight and amuse him. Summer tried to reassert himself by glumly re-reading his power of attorney. Brad jumped for the phone.

"Who's the police head in the building?" he asked Summer.

"Andy Best. But—"

"Hello. Give me Andy Best, too." To Carrington he said, "Okay to offer a reward? Say for a thousand bucks?" Back to the phone. "Hello, Andy Best? I'm calling from Whit Summer's office. He'll confirm. We've been stuck up. A hundred grand. Close every exit out of the Garden Nobody in or out until the dough is found. Two men pulled the job. They're still around and it's worth a thousand to the man who grabs them." Then he described Sendbag and Spanish before hanging the phone to Whit Summer.

"Neat," said Brad, "which one of you sterling characters is going to help me get that dough back?"

"I'm insured," Carrington said, "and closing checks, isn't that my idea of insurance?"

"Link?"

"You haven't a chance," Link said. "They're probably halfway to 34th street by now."

"A fine pair of single boys you are," Brad told them. He gestured to Jackie to join him in a private huddle near the doorway.

"Angel, I don't like to tell you this, but your step-brother's in this up to his ears. Unless it gets dangerous, stick close to him. I'm pretty sure he wouldn't hurt you, but don't stick that lovely neck out too far."

"Link? But—"

"Just trust me. That's all. Trust me and save the questions for later." He squeezed her shoulders and went out the door.

All the first turn in the corridor Brad found a uniformed guard. The man was watching the performers from the ramp, something in time with a girl fifty feet up stepping daintily along a tightwire.

"You are two men come out of Summer's office back there?"

"Sure did. Went right past me down that way."

Brad looked where he pointed. At that moment the high-wire ascended, the girl went rocketing end-over-end to the net below, and a spotlight swung to the centre ring.

The band began to play Summer's first as a band of cloaks came rustling out, pushing a "burning" building ahead of them. Brad was about to turn away when something funny struck him. Two of the performers there were wearing business suits.

It was a smart move, Spanish and Sendbag would play along with the act, get into clown suits after it was over, then calmly wander across the street for a beer. Simple. Neat. Foolproof.

Where was a better place to hide than the centre ring of the circus?

A smile formed in Brad's eyes. "What way to the ringmaster?"

"Mr. Revere? You'll find him dressing in 35. Down one floor." He was grinning at the clown. "Looks like the boys got a new switch today."

"An open switch," Brad said.

A minute later, Brad was knocking at the ringmaster's door. He explained his idea and was pleased to find the ringmaster was all for it but for one reservation.

"But no shooting, mister. You got 20,000 people out front. One shot and they score fast as a train. No shooting."

Five minutes later Brad stepped into the arena. He wore a white satin costume, a camel hat, and there were spots of red on his face the size of silver dollars. If Spanish and Sendbag were still in the act, they had company.

Under the glaring lights, under the eyes of so many people, Brad felt solemn. He had thought that striding on before so many people would be easy, that becoming there

1.



2.



3.



4.



A 244



"Now that's something you don't see often."

were thousands the crowd could be thought of as. They, one moment with myriad faces. But as he walked toward the crowd toward the center ring, he was glad of the little dog perched on his shoulder. The dog was stuffed outside, but it gave Brad a chance to pretend a horsebalance he did not feel.

The "burning" building was blaring by now. Up came a horse-drawn fire engine to the scene. At once the whistled babies, half in lace harness, half in derby hats, set up a clamor to be the first one reached. One of the engine's wheels rolled off in protest against a backfire that sounded like cam-berry. Then the steering gear came unhooked, and the driver, bare in scarlet polka dots, went around turning handspikes to assure everyone that everything was all right.

Spanish had his gun out by now, when he dashed it to force a clown to undress. The crowd took it as another hilarious bit of nonsense. Across the ring, Sanding was carrying out the same routine.

ONE of the clown horses managed to get his foot stuck in a bucket. At once the stubborn animal set down, refusing to even wobble an ear until his rider had shed him manly with buckets on all four feet. He reared up and went galloping around and around, unwinding a fire hose behind him. A six-foot-three clown on the road, clad in a long white baby dress, set up a hooley. He gestured wildly for help, prodding and waving as a distress dog a pair of three-cornered pants.

Brad stepped into the center ring. The clown was arguing with Spanish. "Listen, pal, underneath I got on just shorts. Peppermint striped shorts. Live a heart."

"Gwaa," said Spanish, "you're out here to make 'em laugh, fool."

Then he recognized Brad, and leveled the gun on him. The clown retreated.

Brad and Spanish stood each other in silence, while around them white horses trotted gaily, and the clown fire company casually pulled a landing net to pieces.

"That is the pay-off, Spanish. I'm taking that money away from you."

"In yer granay's pig's eye. I rob you out here and everybody thinks his part of the act."

"The exits are blocked, Spanish."

"— there's no wavered a trifle. "And you're doing your stuff in front of 10,000 witnesses."

The rest of the clown continued in their tomfoopery, spouting side-long glances at the drama going on in their midst.

"You can't run me out of this," Spanish said. But he— his tone, Brad knew that— could.

"Consider this. You give up and it's an easy 1 to 3 for attempted robbery. Snatching me will draw out. But you lose, and you'll have every man, woman and child here turned against you for the reward money. If you could get out of the garden, you won't be able to sleep. Because anybody who gets one look at you will finger you. And down in Mexico or Cuba everything will cost triple because the boys know you're hot. Everybody you meet will—"

Brad had moved in until Spanish was within arm's length. "To hell with that," Spanish said.

Right then Brad made his move. He left his feet in a flying tackle. The gun went up like a s-m-a-phore arm, its bullet exploding against the rooftop. Brad wrenched the weapon away and tossed it to a passing clown.

The six-foot-three baby jumped. He landed in a squat, straightened up, and ambled over to where Brad sat on Spanish. "Okay, buster, we'll take him off your hands."

The band had been playing softly. Now at a signal from the spot clown, it burst into Scott and Singsie's favorite.

The guest baby gathered up Spanish, tucking him neatly under his arm like a football. On the other side of the ring, a galloping clown, a harness whooped and watched Sanding off the ground, threw him across the horse's neck, and went trotting around and around, ducking Sanding's head in a series of bows. Paused at being outside, the guest baby angrily mouthed his glare, calmly scratched a match on his prisoner's pants, and marched off, puffing, into the wings.

The crowd loved it.

"But how did you know there were two Granddads?" Jackie asked.

"You would have noticed it too, if you hadn't been all upset by what happened at the station. Even then, you said that the one you saw at the brownstone house didn't seem like himself. And then the man you described was so completely different in character from the phony one. The phony wanted to get rid of you because you might put a crimp in his plans. Finally, when Lank rescued the phony from the lion, he did it in such a cold-blooded way that anybody could see he didn't care, that the man in danger was only a stooge."

"And Lank and White Summer were behind it all?"

"Sure. Lank and Summer planned to make a killing by setting the circus while your real grandfather was away on a long vacation. As usual, when going away for any length of time, he gave Summer a power of attorney. By the way, your real grandfather is dying home today."

Jackie squirmed his hand.

"Lank and Summer found an old actor who could impersonate your grandfather, and fixed up one room of the old house for business conferences, thinking to fool Carrington. But Carrington was even wiser. He planned to gain control of the circus and then hike the purchase price. Which is where and why Spanish and Sanding came in. He had been playing them all along."

"But who killed Charley?"

"Carrington. The inspector matched the gun up with his. Probably Charley the Match got a little too cute. My guess is, he tried to play both ends against the middle, and Carrington found him a little too expensive. And evidently he got the Cropper, got the hint, and teamed incidentally, Carrington's the man who helped you on the head in the closet."

"Such a nice man, too," said Jackie, rubbing the back of her head. "During, didn't I tell you I'd picked you as a winner the first time I saw you?"

"As I recall," Brad said, "you were distinctly chilly."

Jackie set her arms around him. "You could have me out."

"After I intend to take up at the first opportunity."

"This is it," said Jackie.

SWEENEY & THE ARABIAN DANCING GIRL

(Continued from page 8)

Next morning at breakfast Jed pushed back his chair. He bowed in the direction of Sweeney and bowed aloud.

"Ma, Amellah! Like you, Aksh!" A riot of laughter came from the tables. Sweeney stamped out of the room, his cheeks burning.

A night later I could hardly believe my eyes. There was Sweeney, proudly asserting Lingo, as though the Arab girl were the belle of Brooklyn.

It was common for most of us to sleep on the roof of the Hotel Jolly during the sultry tropical evenings. Our beds, protected with mosquito nettings on four wooden uprights, were about 20 yards apart. Incredulously, from our corner beds in the dark, my buddy Bill Edwards and I watched Sweeney chuck up for the night with his Arab dancer.

Sweeney was too proper to molest Lingo in any way. The lecherous-eyed fellow was just lucky. We supposed he simply wanted her companionship, broken English and all.

Night after night Lingo faithfully returned to spend the evening learning English from Sweeney. Bill and I, sipping beer from the crude scotch, we kept near our beds, could hear the soft murmur of their voices.

Close to one midnight, Bill said to me with a wicked grin, "I wonder what would happen to their relationship if it suddenly began raining ice water." Let's try it.

Bill scrambled out of bed, filled a pail full of water, and tipped to the bed where Sweeney and Lingo were earnestly conversing underneath the mosquito netting. Bill drenched them with the icy water. Then he dove back into his own bed before they had finished howling.

Sweeney indignantly poked around the other beds on the roof to find out who the culprit was. He was greeted with sleepy cries of, "What's up, Baldy?"

As soon as Sweeney and Lingo seemed settled down again, Bill whispered to me, "You try it this time."

I felt it was a cruel trick. But I comforted my conscience with the recollection of the time that Sweeney, on a lark, pushed Bill and me in the river when we were all dressed and on our way for a jamboree in Abadan. I decided to chance it.

On tiptoe, pad in hand, I padded across the roof. This time the mosquito netting was raised. Just as I was about to hurl the water, Sweeney sprang out of bed. He leaped after me in the dark, screaming, "I've got you now!"

I ducked his outstretched fingers and, heart pounding, raced for the stairway. I'd never seen gentle Sweeney so charged with anger. In a flash, I fell down the flight of stairs. Hardly aware that I'd cracked my ankle, I dove right into the cradle of the cushions who were sleeping underneath the transport truck.



"Your father said 'No' . . . finally."

"Saksh!" I heard the startled natives inquire, "Saksh?"

"Sh-ah!" I whispered, "Pretend I'm one of you."

Sweeney searched around in the shadows for me unsuccessfully. Then in disgust he dashed back to the roof. I sneaked up a side stairway, and quickly got under my cotton bedsheet. Sweeney was waking up all the American laborers. His wife in a blustering rage, his dignity in front of his Arabian girl had been wounded, and he wanted revenge.

I felt totally ashamed of myself when I saw him thrust his fist under the nose of Jed Mandin.

"Don't lie to me!" Sweeney yelled. "You did it!" Jed was too taken aback by the audacity of the runty fellow to utter a word of defense.

After that outbreak, we all let Sweeney's presence with Lingo follow his pathetic course. Sweeney was stricken with malignant malaria and amebic dysentery. During the month he lay in the barracks hospital, the authorities were dumbfounded to see Lingo come to visit him every day. Often she brought him gifts of the native panaceas—josssticks—wrapped around sweet dates. We were genuinely touched, for we had never known an Arabian dancing girl to feel loyalty toward anything American except hard cash.

"Saksh Baldy treated me right," Lingo said, with unusually intense comprehension. "I treat him right!"

I lost track of Sweeney for a

while. Bill and I were trucked up north near the Shih River to pour concrete culverts for the desert highway that was being built to Tehran for the Russians.

There one day Jed Mandin brought in the fantastic news from Khorramshahr.

"Guess what?" he announced. "They found Sweeney stashed in death in one of the rooms in Ahm-harrh."

We stood open-mouthed. "Who did it? Why?"

"They don't know for sure," Jed said. "But it seems Sweeney got into a knife fight with a guy who made a play for Lingo. Poor Sweeney, he lost."

The last I heard of Sweeney was that he was buried in a special coffin welded out of sheet iron. The Khorramshahr authorities insisted on that precaution. They said he had been murdered away from barracks, and they didn't want to assume responsibility for his death. If the U.S. Army raised any fuss, they would thus conveniently be able to get off his body as evidence.

I thought it an ironic end, somehow; Sweeney, who'd always appreciated DDT extravagantly to shield himself from threat of pain, wound up in death heroically sealed from all life.

As for his girl, Lingo, I never did discover what happened to her. She suddenly vanished and I could only guess that she had gone back to Ahwaz.

I WAS A COUNTERSPY

(Continued from page 4)

It was the last word in red tape and bureaucracy. I had to wait two weeks before reporting to LeBrea, the first step in getting to the Big Boss. The top man always lives in mystery, and few of the lower-rank members of the organization have any idea who he is or where he lives.

But when I walked into that library and got a look at LeBrea, my heart missed several beats and I felt like a man walking to a sudden and brutal death. For LeBrea was even older than Charles Burman, a Red Agent I had met on the New York waterfront two years before. Our meeting had been brief, and very unpleasant for Burman, and in those few seconds he got a good look at me and knew me as an undercover man for Naval Intelligence.

This is one of the hazards you face as an undercover man. But the Larry Hennessy on the waterfront was a far cry in appearance from the man standing in front of LeBrea. I had long days' growth of beard, wore blue denim, torn and filthy, and a slovenly old cap.

"Comrade Cheeks," LeBrea said, "please sit down."

He looked at me and toyed with the Luge. I couldn't hold back a cold chill. I knew he hadn't pleased me, but I was afraid it might be only a matter of minutes until he did.

I said, "I was ordered by KST to report here for special work."

This code-KST—is interesting. X in the Russian espionage denotes a top agent. The S gives the location of his base, which in this case was Shanghai. The Y was the first letter of his name. This code isn't original with the Russians. It was first introduced by Napoleon and has

been used by the espionage systems of many countries.

LeBrea answered curtly. "I have been so informed."

There was a crashing explosion to my right, evidently a bomb fired in an adjacent room. LeBrea's feet didn't move and his eyes remained on me. My feet didn't move either. It's an old trick, to make a person turn his face so he shows his profile instead of a front view.

Life hangs about trying to recognize some person you are sure you know. You'll never do it by looking straight at him. But a side view is something he can't change and even a head and other disguises don't help much.

In that split second I knew my game was up. My feet slipped back under the chair until the weight of my body was on them. Then I leaped, every ounce of my strength in my legs propelling my body through the air. It caught LeBrea off guard, and as I sprang across the desk, my right went out in a short, chopping blow that sent him tumbling backward with his chair.

I was on his breast body and my right got him again, this time on the chin. He gave a weak groan and went limp. I jumped up. A short, heavy-set man was coming at me like a football player trying for a flying tackle. I stepped aside, caught him around the neck, and yanked back. It's a deadly hold if you can get it, and I heard his neck crack. I let his limp body fall to the floor. There were French windows leading out to the garden, and I leaped through them into the rain-soaked darkness of the night.

No sounds came from inside the house. My attack on LeBrea and my handling of the reinforcements man had made very little noise. There had been guards at the front door of the house when I was admitted, but they stayed in the front, apparently oblivious to what had happened in the library.

It was so dark I could hardly see my hand in front of me. I was thankful for the protection the rain gave me. I crawled against a wall and felt along it until I found a thick vine and climbed to the top. Those old cement walls are thick and the top is a runway. I crawled along it for some distance before dropping to the ground at the other side.

I had no illusions about what faced me. Within a half hour—or an hour at the most—every Red agent in Panama City, and there were hundreds of them, would be on the lookout for me. An undercover man is always on his own, living in the twilight world between life and death with no outside chance of outside help because such help would expose him and thus nullify his value.

My usefulness as an undercover man on this assignment was over. The sensible thing for me to do was to cross into the Canal Zone where I would have the protection of the United States Army and Navy. I would have done exactly that—and quickly—had not the words of Commander Gulderson been ringing in my ears: "We have reason to believe your friend the Butcher has been sent to the Canal Zone."

This mysterious agent is one of the strongest of all the Soviet spies. Twenty years ago he was a taxi driver in Philadelphia, an average chap, bald-headed and with a family and the problems facing a family man in those days of the Depression.

One day he disappeared, and the next anybody heard of him was when he was arrested in Denmark as a Communist agent posing counterfeiter money. Somewhere along the line he had been bitten by the Communist bug and had swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. He went to Moscow where he got his training as a Red spy.

He served a year in prison in Denmark and then he appeared in Spain during the Civil War as the Red agent charged with liquidating any questionable comrades.

Here he got the name of the Butcher and nobody ever knew the number of men he had killed. He was next heard of in South America, and wherever he went men died in contact with him, as a result of what happened to Tom Ferris, a likable sailor, who was a friend of mine. Tom said I had roughed it together at all parts of the world, and on two occasions he had saved my life. In his younger days he, too, had been caught up in Communism but later he learned to hate it. He was on the waterfront when the Communists tried to take over.

He ran head-on into the Butcher and they dragged his bullet-riddled body out of the harbour. I swore I'd keep things up for him. I almost succeeded on the waterfront, but the Butcher got away.

I had tried to follow his trail after he left New York, but for a long time now I had been busy with other assignments. Commander Gulderson had been dead right





"Er... that's not justice... that's a potato."

when he told I would be pleased with this Canal Zone agreement, and I wasn't leaving until I knew for sure whether the Butcher was there or not.

I walked through the bustling streets of the old town, looking into the Panamanian houses, built for the climate with tile floors, open fronts, and a minimum of draperies and window shades. Men were playing cards and boys and girls were dancing. It all seemed strangely peaceful.

After wandering for about half an hour from one winding street to another, I came to Avenida Central. Here I hailed a caba, one of those heaping good buses that will take you anywhere in the city for a nickel. I jumped off the bus at Calle 17 Norte and slipped through the darkness to an alley. At the rear of a caba I turned to the right, went through a rear door and into a small back room. An old lady sat there, arranging the flowers she sold to the customers. She was fat, with a green face. She didn't turn as I opened the door.

"Senor," she said, "you are in trouble."

"And how," I agreed. I closed the door and bolted it.

This old lady was called "La Greca" by the customers. She was my one and only contact in Panama City. I told her what had happen-

ed. She grunted. "You are a fool, Senor. You must leave now."

"I have a little unfinished business down here," I answered.

She was arranging her flowers and she didn't look up. "I say you are a fool, Senor, but if you must stay, go to Cruz 42..."

There was a loud pounding on the rear door. The one leading to the hallway opened with a bang and two men were standing there, each holding a knife. What happened next was one of the blindest pieces of knife-throwing I have ever witnessed. La Greca barely moved her heavy body and didn't leave her chair. I hadn't seen the knives lying in front of her until I saw her head shake for one with a speed almost faster than the eye.

It slipped through the air and I heard a man in the doorway give a gasping groan. That's all I had time to see. The back door crashed open and two men came charging in. I didn't let them have time to get their balance. My hat went into the jaw of one and he hit the floor with the toppling thump that meant he would be there for some time. The second man had a knife and was coming for me. He wasn't very fast or very adept with the knife. I sidestepped him, came to him from the side, grabbed his wrist, pulled his arm over my shoulder, and my shoulder did the rest. There was a

cracking of a bone as he hit the floor in a heap. My head went into his chin before he had time to scream. His head snapped back and he was out cold. La Greca grabbed my arm. I took one look at the door where the first two men had appeared. Both lay on the floor with knives in their chests near the heart.

The fat La Greca was pushing me through a trapdoor in the floor. After we went through she closed it and locked it from the under side. I crawled down a ladder and found myself in an underground passageway with La Greca leading me by the hand through the darkness. We waited in this darkness for about ten minutes and then went up a ladder. At the top, La Greca opened another trapdoor.

I crawled out into a small room, bare of any furniture except a table on which sat one candle which was casting a yellow haze over everything. A man sat at the table. He watched me coming through the trapdoor and then La Greca, grunting and puffing, followed.

THE man was old and wrinkled, of face. He said to La Greca, "Senora, you are getting too fat."

La Greca grunted agreement. To me she said, "I don't know whether you will live long after you leave this room, but there is the door to the front of the building. You Americans are some good, great fools. They will get by looking in you at the front doors. They know you are stupid and will always sneak around to a back door."

"Sorry," I said, "I said something I mean. I've done a good job of hearing in your little flower business."

She turned her back to me and laughed. The laugh didn't seem like La Greca. She was underpinned a strange transformation. I saw her pull a wig off her head, and with a part of the heavy face. Then she took off the old black dress and removed the padding from under it. And when she turned to face me, I was looking at the intelligent and refined face of a charming woman in her fifties with the graceful manner of the old Panamanian families.

"It is quite all right, Senor (Senorita)," she said in perfect English. "I really was getting a little tired of that frog-squand. My usefulness as the flower woman was about over. But do as I say and you will be rich. You will need help, and use this phone number when you want it. Don't be afraid the wire is tapped. We have used every precaution against that."

She handed me a card with a number on it, and I slipped it in my pocket. I was still debauched at the transformation I had seen. I did manage to say, "Senora, tell me. Does this Pierre LeRoc ever appear in public?"

"Every night with a beautiful woman, and not always the same. You will usually find him after midnight at Kaley's Ritz where everybody goes."

"Will he appear tonight after what has happened at his house?"

"An earthquake couldn't stop him if the woman is beautiful enough. I'm curious. Why do you ask these questions?"

"I have a plan, a pretty crazy

"You will probably need my help. Don't forget the phone number—and leave by front door, not rear door."

"I'll remember that," I assured

"Crib" Street is in the old part of Panama City and isn't much different from the Crib Streets in other cities of Central America from Jamaica, Mexico, to the Canal Zone. A narrow, cobbled alley with small square houses on each side, each having the double doors of a barn. American, French, English, German, Chinese—all nationalities are represented here among the ladies of easy virtue. But, though all nationalities can be found, all the names on the doors are French.

I had followed the Senator's advice about going out through front doors. Fortunately, the rain had started again, a downpour, and this helped me get to Crib Street without being followed. I slipped up to the Crib 49 with the rain coming down in torrents. I saw the name "Louise LaMont" on the door. The door opened without my knocking and I slipped inside and faced a buxom, heavy-breasted girl who looked like an American. She had the dull face and dull eyes characteristic of her profession, but low as she had fallen, she did have a spark of affection for her country and I liked her on sight.

"I been waiting for you." Her voice was throaty. "Get in that back room and get some dry clothes on."

When you enter a country as an underworn man, nothing is left to chance. I carried only a sacker bag when I jumped the ship, but even before my ship had arrived, a suitcase with a complete change of clothes, a set of worn and other clothes to disguise my face, and wire money had been deposited for me at the crib of Louise LaMont.

I shaved, did a quick job of trimming my hair, something a sailor knows how to do as well as most barbers, changed into a new suit of clothes, new shirt, shoes and other trimmings. I dabbed a scar on my face which twisted my right cheek up a little and then walked out into the crib room. Louise looked me over, said, "God, you look terrible with that scar."

"What about a tag?" I asked.

"Take it easy, here," she drawled.

"Everything's been arranged."

"Even a tag?"

"Sure, why not?" Louise shrugged. "What about a little present for Mademoiselle LaMont? Business isn't been so good."

"Golly," I handed her a 20-dollar bill. "Will that help?"

"Help? It will save my life."

She slipped it in her stocking. Just as she was rearranging her dress, there was a knock on the door. Louise opened the top part and peered out. Then she turned to me and said, "The taxi's here. The guy's back. I know him."

"Thanks," I said, and patted her on the cheek. I walked out and got in the taxi. I felt relaxed when I saw two American MPs walk across the street and stand in front of Louise's place.



"That analysis of yours is certainly smart . . . you got to hand it to her . . . £100 a month."

I gave the driver the address of one of the better hotels in the downtown section of the New Panama City where the banks and night clubs are located. I had heard about the rides you got in taxis in that city, but this was my first experience. I was surprised, when the taxi finally stopped at the hotel, to find that I didn't have any broken bones.

The Larry Hennessy who walked into the lobby of that hotel was very unlike the one who had jumped ship and posed as Arlen Chesky. I was wearing a 100-dollar pin-striped blue suit, a gray fedora hat, and shoes, shirt and necktie to match. I registered as Larry Hennessy, and was taken up to the seventh floor. It was 11 minutes after midnight when I locked the door to the room and sat down on the bed to consider the plan that had been forming in my mind. It was daring, and perhaps a little too foolhardy, but I wasn't passing up a chance to get the Butcher and get even for the coldblooded murder of Tom Ferris.

The windows of the room faced north and I could see Ancon Hill outlined by the bar of misty red light across the sugar-hat top, a warning to appliances to watch out for the mountain. It was in the Canal Zone, land of safety for me. Yet was it really safety? Beyond the hill was the Canal and the looks of Miraflores and Gatun, the lifeline of America in any global war. An

atom bomb there would close the Canal and cut off America's lifeline. Even if the enemy couldn't get a place that far, an atom bomb set off by Red Seneca would do the damage, and in Panama City a man was planning for just such a day.

I was holding the key to my room. It was to play an important part in my plan to bring the Red Butcher out of hiding. I knew I had to work fast. Even the pin-striped suit and the scar on my face would not give me protection beyond a few hours. The Reds had spies everywhere and some of their best were probably in the hotel.

Once I had the details of the plan set in my mind, I reached for the telephone and called the number the Seneca had given me. Her pleasant voice answered. I said, "This is your friend of a few hours ago. I thought you might be interested in knowing I'm going to meet my special friend in about two hours in front of the — Hotel."

"I am so glad to hear that you are finally going to meet him," was her answer.

I hung up, looked at the key to the hotel room, tossed it up in the air and caught it. Then I grabbed my hat and walked out of the room without bothering to lock the door behind me.

KELLEY'S RITZ is the oldest and best-known night club in Panama City. Its entertainment is typi-

Who sponsored Jenny Lind's . . .

concert tour of the United States?

"THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE" they called her and she was the greatest soprano of her time. It did not take long for the mighty Barnum to realize that in her golden voice lay a fortune, not only for the singer, but for Barnum. The "Swedish Nightingale" came every minute—during most sponsored Jenny Lind's tour of the United States and the two made a fortune. A master of publicity, Barnum used every method of publicizing the Swedish nightingale that had ever been used by anyone before him, and he used many methods that had never been thought of by others. His publicity and showmanship, plus the phenomenal voice of Miss Lind created a furor in the States and a great and varied number of articles were named in her honor. Such things as Jenny Lind biscuits, hats, saucers, shoes, whistles, Men's pipes, vest buttons, playing cards, trout flies, wall papers, and even a pacemaker and a clipper were in use in America. Today, dozens of the products on which her name and portrait were used as trademarks are in a collection of "Lindiana" owned by the New York Historical Society. The tour of Jenny Lind was made in 1850-1851. Now, over one hundred years since that tour, Jenny Lind is still spoken of in awe. She has become a legend.

gally American and its price are the same. I stood behind two large palms near the entrance and watch the guests enter. There were American Army officers with beautiful women I took to be their wives, a smattering of American businessmen, and a number of wealthy Pennsylvanians and Europeans.

It seemed unlikely to me that LeBrock would appear in public that evening after what had happened at his house. Failure in the unforgivable crime in the Red espionage and their inter-spy system is such that the top man knows at once what takes place with any of his underlings.

But the States was right. Failure or even utter disaster could not keep LeBrock away from the gay night life. At about 1 a.m. he appeared in the foyer of the night club with a voluptuous Pennsylvanian beauty on his arm. He was greeted profusely by the headwaiter, which always happens if your tips are big enough.

While his companion headed for the powder room, I stepped out from behind the palms. LeBrock's back was to me. I grabbed his wrist, twisted it against his back and before he knew what was happening had pulled him behind the palms with me.

"Take it easy, LeBrock," I said in English, a language he understood as well as a native. "You can't see me, but this is your friend Nevezer. I just want to tell you I'm staying in Panama City and I know where the Butcher is hiding out, and you can tell him for me I'll get him before dawn."

I released LeBrock's arm and he turned and faced me. I have to give him credit for having amazing poise. His lady friend had returned, fresh-faced and powdered, and she was looking at him. He bowed to me and said, "Thank you, for the information. I am very glad to get it."

Without hesitating to answer him, I walked away. As I did, the key to my room fell on the floor,

near where I had been standing. It was a rather obvious trick, but I was counting on LeBrock's eagerness. The headwaiter gave me a table near the entrance. LeBrock and his companion were some distance from my table, but I saw him watching me closely. I saw another thing, which struck me. Two men were escorted to a table near mine and they sat down, their eyes on me. They were LeBrock's men. I knew their type; you can spot them a mile away in any country.

I saw LeBrock get up, excuse himself, and walk to the phone booth. The waiter came and I ordered a hearty meal. I was hungry. I sat leisurely, watching the floor show, which wasn't bad. The two men near me never took their eyes off of me, which I thought was rather stupid for men supposed to be shadowing somebody.

At 1 o'clock I walked to the foyer, got my hat and ordered a taxi. The two men got up also and came to the foyer and stood there, as if uncertain what to do. They didn't follow me to the taxi. I gave the driver instructions to leave me out a block from my hotel. It had stopped raining and the night was clear and the streets well lighted.

I walked slowly toward the hotel, making no attempt to hide myself. A few taxis were standing outside the hotel, and guests coming from the night clubs were getting out of them. A car came out of nowhere and slid up to the curb and stopped. Then a second car stopped at the other side of the taxi. I walked slowly, my finger on the butt of my service revolver, ready for anything.

The promise on which my plan was built was simple. I knew the Butcher and I knew he liked to handle extremely difficult jobs himself. After LeBrock's failure to take care of me in his house, I was sure the Butcher would make a desperate effort to get me as I approached my hotel. I thought he would try to kill me himself. That's why I wasn't prepared for what happened.

A few cars and taxis whizzed by me and I waited for a chance to

cross over to the hotel. A break came in the night traffic and I started over. Then it happened. There was the crackle of a submachine gun. The bullet whizzed past me. I was on my stomach in the middle of the street.

Guns purred from both cars and a bullet clipped my right leg. I staggered to my feet and a bullet splashed into my chest and I went down with every part of my body numb. I crawled for the large car, and as I did, bedlam broke loose.

Men came from everywhere, surrounding the two cars and riddling them with bullets. I heard the police sirens and then everything went black.

WHEN I came to, I was in bed at W. at the Naval hospital at Balboa, just across the line in the Canal Zone. Doctors and nurses were around me. I blinked and had some trouble remembering what had happened.

I had a nasty wound in the chest and another in my right leg. The doctors wouldn't let me do much talking at first. Later a messenger brought me a bunch of vitamins, the cheap type La Greca sold in the canteen.

With it was a card on which was written, "Congratulations. Your plan worked wonderfully well. You Americans are crazy, but you get things done."

There was no signature, but none was needed. The next day I heard how well my plan had worked. The Butcher had taken the responsibility of killing me himself. LeBrock had played his hand exactly as I thought he would. After his encounter with me in the night club, he had phoned the Butcher and told him what I had said. LeBrock had also accommodated me by picking up the key to my hotel room, which gave him the information about where I was staying.

The Butcher and his men were arrested. The Butcher was deported to Russia in a way that was neither revenge than if I had killed him myself. There are changes in his worst than death, and in the Red espionage system failure and deportation from an assignment are taken care of with swift and brutal measures.

The Service had also done her part well. She had put her men of the anti-Communist undercover into the hotel and had tipped off the police. The Butcher and his men didn't have a chance once the shooting started.

Nobody on this hemisphere has heard of the Red Butcher since that night. His failure forced the Reds to completely reorganize their espionage in the Canal Zone. Their elaborate plans for a long-range sabotage programme had to be given up.

A month later I left the Naval hospital, but I never fully recovered from the wound in my leg. This year I had to go to the Naval hospital on Staten Island for an operation. I can see it, but the old leg isn't what it used to be.

Sometimes, though, I don't mind the pain and the handicap when I think of the Butcher and what happened to him.

THE INCREDIBLE CRUISE OF THE HAZARD

(Continued from page 18)

The gunners were at their stations, lying prone behind the seawall.

The telucca was narrowing the distance rapidly. The shadow of her scorching gaffs ran a little distance in front of the pirates. He watched that shadow out of the corner of his eye. A taut silence lay over both vessels. The shadow darkened and Prentiss spun the wheel suddenly. The gunners sprang to their feet. The two seawalls heaved out together and Prentiss and the gunners clung themselves flat on the deck. There was some satisfaction in having fired the first shot.

The answering uproar from the telucca had more fury but was not nearly so effective. The men on the Hazard were all under cover. The volume of gunnery let them guess at the numbers of their opponents. Fully hatched, Prentiss reckoned, waiting for the big ships to start. His trick had served one purpose already. They would not have had time to release their firework before they swarmed aboard the brig. The deck surged under him and he scrambled to his feet.

Scattered over the telucca's deck, a number of the pirates lay motionless. More of them died at the brig's call. The others swept aboard in a yelling, solid wave that engulfed Lieutenant Broadhurst and his 25 men. Captain Hazen and the

Salem men promptly rallied around the hard-pressed Britaburgers.

There was no time or thought for orders. It was every man for himself. In this ferocious hand-to-hand fighting, a pistol which had been discharged was useless except as a club or to throw in a pirate's face. Wielding his cutlass like a syringe, Hazen bowed his way into the center of the enemy ranks. His arms and clothes were sticky with blood. The screaming throng of pirates swilled around him in a tight ring, their scimitars flashing in the sunlight. He blocked several blows with his cutlass, then abruptly lost his footing on the slippery, red deck. The pirates closed in, their cruel faces radiating above him, hatefully. Hazen bowed himself for the inevitable blow.

It never came. Suddenly the pirates scattered and the captain had a glimpse of Sophron standing over him, wielding a boarding-pike like a man possessed, howling the battle-cry over like top-guns. He ducked through the cook's wide-spread legs and leaped to his feet, retrieving one of the pirates' curved cutlasses. It was a fearsome weapon.

Pandur soon blurred around him in the noisy welter—Adamsen, Cornin, Lumsden, Shotts—all wearing the mask of fury. English faces, too. On the fringe of the battle, a Salem man and a sailor in a British uniform stood back to back as they held off a circle of pirates. Lieutenant Broadhurst was lying about face with a scowl.

The fury and lunge of the battle increased as it raged on, sweeping back and forth across the blood-stained deck of the Hazard. Now

there was more room to swing a cutlass. Dead bodies littered the ship from bow to stern. Hazen noticed that while the defenders of the brig were still outnumbered, the odds were being steadily whittled down.

Hope came so slowly and crossingly that at first they didn't dare trust it. They had meant only to make the pirates pay a high price. Once the spark of victory was fanned, the flames spread rapidly. The Americans and the Englishmen were too heroic for cheering, but the fire blazed forth in the new purpose and the determination with which they carried the fight to the enemy. Step by step, the pirates were driven back to the rail. The flashing cutlasses saw to it that their numbers diminished at each backward step. Finally the scowling line wavered and the last of the pirates turned to flee back to the telucca, still destined to the brig's side. But it was too late. They went down in a flurry of steel. Except for the dead, the decks of the Hazard were clear.

NOW that the common enemy had been destroyed, recollections of what their former status had been gradually re-asserted themselves in the minds of the men. They were Englishmen and Americans, officers and captains. They were at war! The first flush of triumph faded from their faces to be supplanted by a weary dread. Warily, the Englishmen began to draw away from the Salem men and gather around Lieutenant Broadhurst. The exhausted Americans turned grim, anxious faces toward Captain Hazen. Both sides were too tired



"These strange networks of galls are interesting!"

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to do any more fighting. Besides, they didn't want to fight each other now. A new, mutual respect had been born in the battle for survival. But President Madison and the King of England had decreed that they must destroy each other at every opportunity. Now they were both armed. They waited bravely for some sign from their commanders.

Unexpectedly the Lieutenant broke the tension. He dropped his cullies on the deck and said in a quiet voice, "Put down your weapons, men. We're still prisoners. Honor our demands." The rest of his speech was lost out by the clatter of steel as daggers, cutlasses and swords rained down on the blood-stained planking. There was an angry muttering from the Americans.

Captain Hazard's mind was troubled as he looked into the dark blue eyes of the Englishman. "Lieutenant, it's not a question of honor. You have every right to revolt, if you can. We did when we saw our opportunity."

"I know," Broadhurst frowned. "If we could have made our own choice I wouldn't hesitate for a second."

"But damnit!" the Lieutenant went on. "You gave us a chance to fight for our lives."

"And our lives, too," Prentice reminded him. "We couldn't have beaten them alone."

Broadhurst shrugged. "No matter. We can't spend the rest of the war aboard the Hazard. But if I go to England they'll throw you and your crew in jail. So what's to be done? One of us has to surrender, and under the circumstances—"

"Hold on a minute!" Prentice was saying the felucca calmly. "I think I have the perfect solution. Suppose you and your men take the

pirate ship back to England and we take the Hazard back to Salem?" He watched the circle of English and American faces that had gathered around them; happy faces. "The men seem to approve, Lieutenant."

Broadhurst looked perplexed. "What would the Lords of the Admiralty say?"

"What can they say?" Prentice demanded. "Haven't you beaten a pirate out of Algeria, and haven't you got his vessel to prove it?"

"But I'm supposed to arrive home in your vessel. How can I explain the substitution?"

"Why, your prisoners revolted—treacherously, if you will—and it was only the fight with the pirates that gave you a chance to escape. Isn't that the duty of an officer when he's captured? Escape when he can with his men? Why does it matter if you come home in your first command or your second?"

The Lieutenant brightened. "That's all, isn't it?"

"I'll give you a compass and anything else you need. And stores of course."

"Very well, then." A chorus of cheers greeted the Lieutenant's agreement.

While their men stowed away the grave evidence of the bloody battle which had been fought on the Hazard's deck, and prepared the felucca for the long voyage ahead of her, Prentice Hazard and James Broadhurst returned to the cabin.

"What he and wanted his sword glass of mine," the Lieutenant got to his feet. "I think the about time I escaped," he smiled dryly.

"I think so," the captain laughed. But James Broadhurst lingered in his place, turning his empty glass as if reluctant to go. "Salem, in Massachusetts? I shall remember that. Some day, please God—"

BATTLE OF RABBIT TRAP

(Continued from page 29)

Brupper was walking down a narrow cliff ahead. He didn't see the men far ahead of him, perched on a rock. The main rifle came up and he took careful aim, getting Rick Brupper in the direct centre of the rifle sight.

He squeezed the trigger, but the split second he did, Brupper stopped on a round rock that rolled, causing him to be down on his knees. The bullet whined over his head. Brupper went flat on his belly, saw the head of the man on the rock. He was out of range for a six-gun, so Brupper crawled toward his horse, which had shied and slipped down the side of the trail, to get his rifle.

Brupper never got to his rifle. A shot roared at his left and the bullet clipped the rocks within an inch of his body. And then it seemed this path were firing from all parts of Rabbit Trap. Brupper leaped behind a boulder.

Bullets slipped the huge rock, ricocheted off with weird whining sounds. The shots were coming closer and Charlie's men were closing in on him. He peered around the

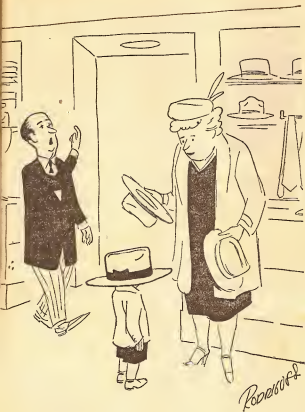
boulder, saw a man running for the cover of a ledge. He was within range of Brupper's six-gun and Brupper fired and the man stumbled face forward.

The barrage of bullets were beating a whining tattoo on the boulder. Brupper stayed behind the rock, waiting for the grand rush, which he knew would come any minute. There was a wild cry at his rear. He turned, looked up and saw a man with a rifle on the high cliff above him. Brupper fired his six-gun and the man came lunging down the fifty feet, hitting the ground near by, a sprawling lump mass of broken bones.

Men were rushing the boulder, while other than were keeping up a continuous fire at it. Brupper waited. The shooting of the rushing men grew louder. One of them came running around the boulder. Brupper fired from his hip and the man grabbed his stomach, his gun flying high in the air.

Then suddenly there were other shots. They came from the right. The men in front of the boulder stopped shouting. Bullets stopped ricocheting against the rock.

TEN minutes later Pat Talbot walked around the boulder.



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"They damned near got you, Heck," he said. "We didn't have any trouble following the marks you left."

Bruiser got up, slipped his slacks onto the holsters, dusted his shirt. "The hideout is close, and you can bet your last dollar it's going to be a good one."

The nine men with Degubies Tolbert and White were divided into three groups. Heck Bruiser led Wes Miller and Bill Smith directly along the trail he had been following. Tolbert and White divided the remaining men into two groups and spread out in a fanlike movement.

Bruiser and his men got to the top of a cliff, looked across a canyon, and there loomed into a hundred-foot cliff, its flanks and rear perfectly defended, was a fortress which constructed of huge logs.

Bruiser signalled White and Tolbert to cross the canyon at his right and left, and then he and his men, hidden by the scrub oak and stunted blackjack, crawled down into the canyon and across it in the direction of the log fort. A hundred feet in front of the structure, the scrub oak and blackjack had been cut away and there was a clearing without any protection.

Tolbert and White were covering the right flank of Bruiser's men. Bruiser waved for a frontal attack. Then men leaped up. A withering fire came from the log fort. Wes Miller and Charles Copeland went down. Bruiser yelled for the others to take cover, which they did in quick time.

Bruiser, Tolbert and White held a conference lying on their stomachs in the scrub oak. "This is a fort," Tolbert said. "We need more men. There are twenty in Telegraph who have turned a posse. There may be even more now. We'll send for them."

Wes Miller and Charles Copeland had badly wounded, were carried to the houses and Tim Johnson and Bill Smith rode back to Telegraph with them with instructions to bring the posse and enough grub for several days.

The two men returned with a posse of thirty men late that afternoon. When night came on, the log-organ launched an attack on both flanks, but this was no more successful than the first frontal attack. The fort with its loopholes at all angles had been planned with amazing skill. Seven men of the posse were killed in the night attack and Bill Smith and Charles White were seriously wounded.

It was Tolbert who thought of the Civil War cannon at Proctor. A detail was sent for it. They didn't get back with the cannon until late the next night. Bruiser ordered a cannon brought to be fired at the log fort to keep Christie and his men busy and hold them inside the fort.

"If that cannon doesn't blast them out," Bruiser said, "they will escape. They probably have escape tunnels dug in as a contingency, and even if the cannon does blast the fort, they could escape. We need something more drastic than an old Civil War piece."

"What's more drastic?" Tolbert asked.

"Dynamite," was Heck Bruiser's quick reply.

Tolbert and White laughed. "First idea, but how you going to get dynamite across that thirty yards of chaps? You can't throw it that far."

"No, but I got an idea how I can get it there," Bruiser replied. "Send two men into Telegraph for twenty sticks of dynamite and caps—and the rear wheels of an old wagon."

Bruiser strapped logs to the wagon wheels, then gave the order to fire the cannon. The large cannon ball hit the huge log-wagon logs but they absorbed it as if somebody had thrown a handful of mud against them.

The cannon was fired again and again, but the cannon balls either sank a few inches into the logs or bounced off them like rubber balls but in the old cannon roared, Heck Bruiser had the old wagon wheels which had been made into a bomb sled, rolled down the path used for the artillery piece.

The fire from the fort was being directed at the cannon. Old John Bracken went down with a bullet through his shoulder. Jimmy Black and Frank Spore, members of the posse, took over the firing. Spore went down and another man took his place. And while the old cannon was working and the fire from the fort was picking off the men around it, other men were making cutting a path through the underbrush for the horsemen to be wheeled out in the clearing.

"I'm ready," Bruiser called out. "I need two men to give this thing a start. I'll push it the rest of the way."

"Hark," Tolbert pleaded, "don't be fast. One bullet hitting the dynamite and you'll be blasted to shreds."

"I'll take that chance to get No Christie," Bruiser answered. "Give me a push."

The two deputies knew it was foolish to argue with Bruiser. They put their shoulders against the two ends of the rear wheel bearings and pushed it out into the clearing. Bruiser was in the center, crouched down behind the logs. In a gray sack under his stomach were the sticks of dynamite.

A BARRAGE of gunfire came

from the officers and the posse. They kept it up in a vain hope of driving Bruiser's men protection Christie and the men concentrated shot him in the forehead. Bullets splintered logs and two spokes of the left wheel were broken.

With head down and shoulder against the logs, Bruiser was pushing it closer and closer to the fort. The bullets splintering the logs began to pierce through them. One caught Bruiser in the arm and he hung limply at his side. Others were cutting through the logs.

Tolbert and White watched the grim scene in amazement. The horse sled was close to the fort. A ball hit the Bruiser in the shoulder and he sank down weakly, the dynamite under him. He rolled over. Bullets were hitting the air around him and more were coming within inches of the dynamite.

The booming laugh of Ned Christie came across the clearing. "How far do you think you'll go, Bruner? We'll blow you to eternity." The oath was drowned by revolver fire, then it was heard again, this time addressed to the captives. "You'll never take us, you rats. And you can't shove us—we've got food for months."

Bruner's free arm went up and a stick of dynamite went through the air. There was a deafening explosion and a huge hole was blasted in the fort.

Bruner struggled to his feet, swaying weakly. A burning fuse was attached to the sack of dynamite. With a mighty effort, Bruner carried his crude bomb over his head and it went straight through the hole in the logs, landing inside the fort. The terrific explosion shook the ground under them, and when they opened their eyes they were staring at an almost vacant space where the great log fort had been.

They in the smoke that covered the debris of the fort appeared the giant and naked form of Ned Christie, his body blackened by the explosion. He walked forward, out of the smoke. Pat Tolbert stood up, unable to believe his eyes. The right arm of Ned Christie came up and the gun in his hand raised.

Pat Tolbert went down with a bullet through his side. As Pat fell, Ned Christie's legs buckled, and he slumped to the ground.

When White got to him, he was dead.

Men were dragging the blackened and inert form of Ned Christie out from the barranca, which had been smashed by the explosion. He was breathing heavily, but he slowly opened his eyes, shook his head slowly, as if trying to gather his thoughts.

"Christie... did we get Christie?" he gasped.

"Sure we got him and his whole fort," White said. "But you're going back to Tehuacan now with the wounded. Tolbert got a bullet through his side."

A month later Ned Bruner walked out of the hospital at Paysonville. The barranca he had pushed to the fort had saved his life when the great explosion came.

The explosion killed seven of Christie's men, but the body of Archie Wolf was never found.

The aftermath of the Battle of Rabbit Trap brought more trouble for Ned Bruner and the other United States marshals in that territory. The battle was given wide publicity in all the daily papers. The Kansas City Times devoted a whole section to it, and even the Chicago Tribune sent a feature writer to Paysonville for a four-page story.

Outlaws all over the West read about the Rabbit Trap, and within a few months the migration of these individuals to the Cookson Hills started another bloody chapter in the history of this famous area was opened.

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ARTHRITIS. Mrs. Treven, of Tasmania, suffered so badly with arthritis of the hands that she could hardly eat a piece of cloth with cutlery. After using Malgie for a week Mrs. Treven reports: "I was amazed to find I could eat a piece of gelatinized meat with my knife."

RHEUMATISM. Mrs. L.G., a 75-year-old Sydney lady, suffered for years with rheumatism. She was unable to walk without a stick. After using her first jar of Malgie, Mrs. L.G. wrote, saying: "I am now able to walk without a stick."

NEURITIS. A North Brighton lady, Mrs. J.M.P., says in a letter that she was a martyr to neuritis in both arms and legs for 4 months before trying Malgie. After home-treatment with Malgie, Mrs. P. says: "I am quite satisfied and convinced it's a wonderful cream for neuritis, rheumatism, etc."

SPONDYLITIS. Mr. R. D. O'Sullivan, of Lithgow, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Malgie Adrenalin Cream. I found it so good for my spondylitis of the back. I only used it three times when my back got better."

MEH49

HANG THE OUTLAW HIGH!

(Continued from page 46)

Johnny tried to grin. "Gosh, I didn't," he said. "I guess so. What happened?"

"They—they killed daddy! He was trying to save you," she said.

"Your father—trying to save me. Why?"

Jackie had somewhat regained her composure. She turned to Sheriff Jackson and said, "I'm Jacqueline Marbury. My daddy was, as you must know, the leader of the Red Button gang. I didn't know it until a few days ago. You see, I've always lived in the East. Daddy kept writing me that he was a cattle buyer, and, of course, I believed it. But when I came out to live with him, I found out. He—he promised to quit—go straight. But the men forced him to make this last robbery. And now he—he's dead."

She started to sob again, and Sheriff Jackson kept silent. Judge Hand, who had watched Johnny Becker, and the district attorney appeared on the scene.

"Daddy came to protect Johnny because he knew he had not ridden with the gang when they robbed the bank," Jackie went on. "Johnny shot those two men because they had come after me and he wouldn't let them have me."

"You mean you was there at Johnny Becker's place that day?"

"Yes, Johnny was only protecting me. Those two men had been trying to take me away from daddy—ever since a cousin of the camp it—it wasn't murder. They shot first."

Judge Hand stepped forward.

"Would you mind repeating your story, young woman?" he asked.

"You see, I'm the judge who sat on the prisoner's case."

Jackie eagerly explained all about her fall her blindness, her recovery, and the fact that it was her father's trunk, which she had hidden in Johnny's cabin, that had been found and exhibited by the sheriff. All the details fitted clearly into the story.

"Daddy gave the men a thousand dollars apiece to help save Johnny today," she further explained. "But they ran away as soon as they saw he was killed."

She turned to her saddlebags. "I have here," she said, "some money daddy had been saving for many years with which to buy us a ranch. I'd like to repay the Tum-a-tum bank the money the robbers took. There's more than enough."

She passed the saddlebags over to the sheriff.

The sheriff took them. He was deep in thought as he opened the bags and saw the money. He did not count it. The girl's story had impressed him greatly, and now that she'd handed over the money, it showed her sincerity. He looked at Jackie and his eyes showed kind understanding. Jackie knew she had convinced the sheriff.



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some two miles, under a rising plume of dust, we spotted our men. Stivers had seen our scouts and guessed the rest. Even from the distance, I could see he had a good, sturdy horse which he would ride to its knees in an attempt to reach the Sioux before I got to him.

Dugan was bellowing at the man for more speed, and I kept an uneasy vigil on the crests on all sides of us. The pass was curiously not wide enough to fight in. Rifle bullets could reach its centre from both sides. The only chance was the open ground six miles ahead.

We were halfway through and gaining on Stivers when the first bullets whined into us even before the sound of the rifles.

I looked up again and felt the proper taste of fear in my throat. Nearly a hundred Sioux! They rode the ridge above us, streaming out over half a mile, firing down at us.

"Dugan," I yelled, "keep them moving! Don't stop if men fall -- they want us to fight it out here."

"All right, sir," he bellowed, falling back. "And for the love of St. Patrick, Major, don't sit that horse like a tin soldier, ride his neck!"

I leaned forward in time to feel the bullet run a fiery rake across my shoulders. Dugan, I thought fervently, if I don't get you a field commission, may my next drink of whisky burn the ungrateful heart out of me.

Stivers was waving his arms at the Sioux, and I saw the look of shocked disbelief on his face as bullets whined nearby, kicked up dirt alongside his horse and, for all I know, slipping his restraining arms, for he suddenly dropped them and leaned low over his horse.

"We ain't gonna catch him, Major," Dugan roared at me, his face grim with heat and excitement. "There's three Sioux up ahead there oughter be an arm."

I heard a grunt of pain behind me and turned to see Private Lewtiss pitch from his saddle, his sweat-soaked shirt suddenly blotched crimson over his chest.

"Keep going," I yelled. "The man that stops is a dead man."

I faced forward again and set up straight in the saddle. Stivers' horse had slowed to a trot and the saddle was empty.

"He's hit," Dugan screamed. "The Sioux are going down after him!"

Sure enough, a line of the devils had broken loose from the ridge and their pines stumbled and pined their way down through the rocks. Stivers was five hundred yards ahead, rolling in the dust to avoid the lead that kicked up dirt on all sides.

I cursed and remanned my spare horse. It would be close, but we had to get there first.

My men leaped ahead with shock at the unexpected punishment, and I drew ahead of the others. The Sioux were almost down the slope, and, the instant they were in range,

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The man went on their bellies, drag at the cowering Indians.

I waved at the Sergeant and brought the same hand down again across Stivers' mouth. His eyes glazed, then turned red with fury. "My brother," he whispered, then screamed. "My brother—a gang-shock back in Chicago. I'll kill him. Let me go!"

He was a big man, and when his heart lashed out and hit my head leg, I blacked out momentarily with agony. When I lifted my head from the dirt, he was trying to scramble up on one of the horses.

I yelled to Dugan, but he didn't hear me. Then, as I tried to crawl to him, Stivers suddenly threw up his arms and pitched from the saddle. He almost fell on top of me, and, when I turned him over, life was flickering from his widened eyes.

Sgt. Dugan belted over, wiping sweat from his streaming face. We both lay there, staring bitterly at Stivers.

"You don't look good, Major," he said.

I sat up with difficulty and looked out at the Sioux. They gathered at the foot of the ridge in a milling, screaming cluster.

I pointed to Stivers. "He's dead. But I've found what we were sent here for."

Dugan poked up a handful of dirt and bitterly threw it in the dead man's face.

I uncapped my canteen and rinsed my mouth, the men still watching me. "They want Stivers," I muttered, putting it away thoughtfully. "Maybe . . ."

Dugan saw what I meant and nodded slowly. "Who can spare the Sioux? Him, maybe . . ."

"The man in the saddle," I said. "Two of you men help."

They lifted Stivers contemptuously, and I could sense the Indians watching in the silent before attack. Their voices stilled, and there was only the sound of screaming from the wounded of both sides.

Dugan took a length of rope from his saddle bag and lashed Stivers's legs together from under the horse's belly. Another tied his hands to the pommel. I stood up on one leg, the flat granite spinning before my eyes. "All of you," I croaked, "stand up without your weapons. Face the Indians."

They did so, slowly and with bewilderment.

"Dugan," I said. "Help me over to that horse."

They moved to one side reluctantly, and I hobbled through, leading the horse and leaning heavily against the sergeant.

Fifteen yards outside the protective ring of cavalrymen I stopped, stood up as straight as I could, and saluted toward the Sioux. They remained motionless, watching.

Then I hobbled back, slapped the horse's flank, and we watched the animal trot toward the Indians. Stivers lay slumped in the saddle, his head lolling to one side.

"There's your man," Dugan said quietly. "With scalp intact . . ."

STILL the Sioux remained motionless, and I thought at first they would charge anyway. But when the horse bearing the dead man was almost on them, one Indian detached himself from the group and went forward to meet it. He grasped the bridle, turned, and spoke something. Definitely the others were dumfounded and running for the horse, their scalps aching.

We stood and watched as the dead man was cut down from the horse. Arms lifted and shot savagely, and Stivers was pulled from man to man the way a pack of dogs worry a piece of meat.

I turned my back on the Sioux. "Mount up. Put your carbines away. Dugan, help me to the saddle."

"What are we going to do, Major?" Dugan asked softly.

I blurted bitterly at him. "We either ride out alive or we don't. Sergeant, that's all I can tell you."

He grinned. "It's a chance I'll gladly take. And you might just be right about them reeking . . . I'd say you just might be right."

I took the lead and slowly we rode by the Sioux, within thirty yards of them, in order to reach the mouth of the pass. They drove back from what was left of Stivers and watched silently. My teeth were an ache from the pain in my leg, but I forced myself to sit straight, and true in the saddle. The men behind me were silent, their hands free of their guns.

Dugan whistled tirelessly through his teeth, his hands yellow-white and knotted around the reins.

At the clearest point to the Sioux, and only yards from the mouth of the pass, I turned in the saddle and looked at the long line of Indians.

The big, strapping fellow in waistcoat, who had met Stivers's horse caught my eye.

His face was stern and proud. His eyes went down to my alop-up leg and back to my face. I realized upon his word lay the lives of twenty-four good men, but I only nodded at him, unsmiling.

His right arm lifted from his side, and he nodded back. Dugan's whistle died. "Major," he breathed, "you must allow me to buy you a drink this very evening."

I saluted the leader of the war-party, feeling empty and strangely sad. We rode into the horsehide pen and not once on the long trip back to the Fort was it necessary to lay a hand on a carbine.

Approaching the Fort after the long, silent ride, I turned to Dugan. "Sergeant," I said slowly, through the pain and exhaustion. "I'll be glad when all this damned killing is done with."

He nodded thoughtfully, his strong face almost unhappy. "Truth, Major. The Sioux talkers maybe someday this country will need men like that . . ."



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